

Common Ground

Prejudice Among the
Unprejudiced Isabel Currier

THE EXODUS TRAIN Arna Bontemps
and Jack Conroy

THE COMRADESHIP OF FAITHS Bernard Heller

UNCLE ANDREW AND AULD ROBBIE
Helen Papashvily

THE CASUALS Sidney Margolius

THE RIGHT TO WORK Edward Lawson

WHEN GOODWILL IS ORGANIZED Barron B. Beshoar

KARL BITTER, SCULPTOR Oswald Garrison Villard

— *and others* —

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To further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, to uphold the freedom to be different, and to encourage the growth of an American culture which will be truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people.

To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of national origin, race, or creed.

To help the foreign-born and their children solve their special problems of adjustment, know and value their particular cultural heritage, and share fully and constructively in American life.

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PREJUDICE AMONG THE UNPREJUDICED

ISABEL CURRIER

I NEVER meant for a moment to try to lose friends and influence people when I began a private survey of opinion among the "liberals" with whom I've recently been associated to learn if any were prejudiced and why. How could I know that 91 out of 100 promoters of the spirit of democracy would unconsciously exclude at least one minority group from universal brotherly love?

My survey began light-heartedly after I'd studied a handbook on detecting propaganda, prepared by Dr. Gordon W. Allport of Harvard for the Good Neighbor Association of Dorchester, Mattapan, and Hyde Park, Massachusetts. The object of the handbook was to teach volunteers to combat unfounded rumors. It was prefaced with a clear warning that one who listened for prejudicial remarks should not be considered, in any sense, a spy. Like many amateur crusaders, I thought I'd begin by determining whether or not my first cause might be more momentous than I'd dreamed. It never once occurred to me that I—as well as you—could find a bit of bigotry in my thinking if I took the trouble to look for it.

At my first meeting with eight self-styled "liberals" crusading against prejudice, I was presented for the first time in either my private or public life under the

label of "a Catholic" and, what's more, "a liberal Catholic."

Labels of any kind seem to me to limit mature resiliency of mind to the picket-lines of some fence of thought. Aside from its redundancy to my own religious understanding, I didn't find "a liberal Catholic" an endearing phrase to court as a public label. "Liberal" (God spare the mark!) signifies to many an earnest reader of the newspapers (a) that one's soul is being poisoned by atheistic hand-outs from the back door of the Kremlin; (b) that the proud bearer of the title feels a bit more enlightened than the conservative herd. Moreover, the liberality of an adjective cannot purchase the right to infringe upon the privacy of anyone's religious beliefs and practices. I suggested mildly that I was meeting with my fellows as a human being to promote democracy by combatting labels; why, then, should I be tagged at the outset? No one had mentioned the religious affiliations of the other eight in presenting them to me.

"You ARE a liberal Catholic, aren't you?" I was asked anxiously. "Naturally, we presumed that you are since you're interested in racial unity."

"Naturally," I echoed, with more amusement than doggedness. "A regular one, too."

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"Oh, I was just going to ask you if you were a Catholic in good standing." My interlocutor had profound relief in his voice. "You can understand, of course, why we're anxious to know. After all, the Archdiocese has permitted this city to become hag-ridden by the anti-Semitic Christian Front without raising a finger."

That didn't happen to be true, as everyone present was aware from the facts available. While 74.3 per cent of Boston's population is Catholic, only 500 official members of the Christian Front were ever registered in Boston. Only a handful of Bostonians, led by a Catholic and not including the persons present, had thus far made a concerted effort to combat anti-Semitism. In fact, 90 per cent of all Bostonians (presumably including a proportionate number of the clergy and faithful under the Archdiocese) had learned for the first time only a few weeks before, from an outside newspaper, that their city had an acute anti-Semitic problem. Suppression of the knowledge had been admitted by the city's press, police, and politicians. I didn't think it necessary to recall these facts to that meeting; I merely inquired whether or not the Archdiocese had been approached for co-operation in this new movement against anti-Semitism.

"Oh, of course not!" I was informed. "Who'd have the nerve to walk up to Diocesan House, ring the doorbell, and ask for the co-operation of the Catholic clergy on a civic matter?"

As a newcomer to Boston, I'd been unaware of any man-eating dogs chained to the Diocesan House doorbell. As a Catholic and a citizen, I had a distinct impression that Diocesan House exists so that its doorbell might be accessible to the multitude with either a mission or a complaint.

Each and every one of the eight people with whom I talked that night was so convinced of the unapproachability of Cath-

olics in the cause of democracy and human decency that I began to wonder if I'd wandered backwards in time to a Ku Klux Klan meeting by mistake. I learned that all priests anonymously favored the Christian Front "for political reasons"; that there was no use in asking a priest to join their committee because the Catholic clergy was forbidden to take part in civic affairs bordering the political. I was asked if I could help influence the Catholics "to clean house and get rid of all your textbooks preaching hatred of the Jews." I've never seen a Catholic textbook which embodies hatred of the Jews. If such exist, I imagine that the excellent, but necessarily slow, work of the National Conference of Christians and Jews in correcting textbooks of prejudice would not have left them unchallenged all these years. I suggested that there was one Catholic textbook—the simple catechism of Baltimore—which every Catholic, however unlearned, must study before he can become a communicant. As any interested person could learn for himself by investing five cents in the simple catechism, it does not preach hatred of the Jews. Since I was the only person present who was familiar with any Catholic textbook, my statement was received with polite disbelief.

That particular group of "liberals" were hardly the running-mates for me. I left them—determined, more in curiosity than in malice, to find an unprejudiced place for myself to combat prejudice, the while I noted in my little black book how many other sincere crusaders retained a scape-goat dungeon in their minds which they'd never viewed from the road.

Of course, I knew *myself* to be as innocent of prejudice as the day I was born! That is why it seemed logical to me that if, as a Catholic, I joined forces for civic action with a group entirely free from Yankee Protestants, I'd be sure I wasn't

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aiding and abetting the substitution of one prejudice for another!

Imagine my chagrin to find the next victim for my private poll in a priest of my own faith whom I had not thought of "surveying"! I happened to barge in upon a conversation he was having about a mutual friend who had suffered a nervous breakdown. The sick person's physician was mentioned, and I remarked, by way of comfort, that he couldn't be in the hands of a more distinguished psychiatrist.

"Isn't that doctor Jewish?" the priest asked. "Most psychiatrists are Jewish and all Jews are Freudians."

"This one is Russian and a member of either the Russian or Greek Orthodox faith," I replied, "and is certainly not a Freudian."

"Humph! Nothing but a heretic in any case," snorted the priest.

I put a goose egg of unconscious prejudice beside the names of 91 out of 100 "liberals" I finally surveyed: i.e., persons who believe that American democracy can be lived to the letter of its principles. Sixty of the 100 are men and women who are, or have been, spurred by civic shame into public activity against the scandalous anti-Semitism and anti-Negroism which has besmirched Boston's pride in fair citizenship. The 100 people upon whom I spied are clergymen, teachers, physicians, lawyers, sociologists, journalists, novelists, and the wives or husbands thereof. They include 62 Protestants, 25 Catholics, and 13 Jews, representing 16 racial and national strains. The over-proportionate number of Protestants in a city that is 74.3 per cent Catholic I chose deliberately because I had dedicated my survey to "liberal" opinion!

In view of this disproportion, it is of special interest that the nine heroic figures among 100 who give no evidence of

the slightest taint of prejudicial thinking are equally divided as to religious groups. The three Jews, three Catholics, and three Protestants among 100 people whose social attitudes are really focused upon the human race are comprised of four men and five women of Greek, Armenian, Russian, Scottish, Hungarian, and Irish origin.

The prejudices of the 91 (some of whom have more than one prejudice) add up to 49 anti-Catholic persons; 28 anti-Semitic; 27 anti-Yankee; 16 anti-English; 4 anti-Negro. Other prejudices, which I believe to be war-babies and not at all firmly rooted, are 73 anti-Japanese; 51 anti-German; 38 anti-Russian; 22 anti-Italian.

There were, alas, 17 Catholics among my 25 who privately expressed anti-Semitism. And, alack, 26 of the 28 who are unconscious anti-Semites are or have been publicly engaged in combatting Boston's most dangerous prejudice.

That fact may be edifying instead of deplorable. One woman covered by my poll had the stature of spirit to lend her efforts toward unity because she discovered anti-Semitism in herself. She owns an apartment house in which Jews never had lived, although she had not restricted it. A year or so ago a Jewish physician applied for a vacant apartment in the house. He proposed to have his office, as well as his residence, there, and on that score the owner rejected him. After she had done so, she heard herself say to a group of friends, of whom I was one, "Wasn't it lucky that I had a good excuse to turn him away? I really think the other tenants might object to a physician's sign on the house, but I know darned well that if it were a Jewish name on the sign, I'd have half a dozen removals."

No one of her listeners offered a comment. She was looking at each of us in turn, aghast at herself. "God forgive me," she said. "I had no idea I was going to

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say that. I'm going to telephone that Jewish doctor and tell him I've changed my mind. If the other tenants don't like it, they can move. I can't have a thing like that on my conscience."

With one exception, the other anti-Semites on my list were equally unconscious of having contracted a slight case of prejudice. The anti-Semitic remarks were almost all easily traceable shreds of subversive propaganda: "We can try to keep other people from throwing stones at the Jews, but who's going to prevent the Jews from doing things that make others want to throw stones?" "I'd heard about anti-Semitic incidents, but I never believed them. I thought they were just stories to build up another Jewish racket." "I bend over backwards" (this from a teacher) "to treat my Jewish students specially well. I have to because unless you practically kiss them every time you speak to them, they'll complain about you. And whenever a student demands extra consideration, I always know in advance it's a Jew."

One of my best friends expressed pleasure that I'd rushed into a situation where angels feared to tread. "A lot of us would like to get in our licks against prejudice, but we can't afford to take a public stand for fear of offending others who are prejudiced. . . . Of course, you know that some of my best friends are Jews, but I seldom invite them to my home on account of the neighbors. I hope you don't think that's prejudiced of me. If I were prejudiced, I'd have moved long ago because our neighborhood is overrun with Jews. Sometimes, in the stores, you'd hardly think you were in America!"

A tireless worker for peaceful interracial relations was the only person at a social gathering who didn't realize what he was revealing when a Jewish guest inquired, "Do you know so-and-so? He used to go to our Temple." "Is he a Jew?" marvelled the crusader. "Gosh, I'd never suspected

it; he's such a nice fellow! And he doesn't look a bit Jewish—he's red-headed!"

The one anti-Semite on my list who knew himself to be such piped the tune of the Christian Front and other undemocratic groups: "Don't talk to me about the troubles of The Chosen People. Who but themselves chose to try to sneak Communism into this country and to undermine our labor unions? I've no use for anything or anyone Jewish."

In my opinion, the phenomenon of a prejudice against one group lurking in a personality that demands fair treatment for another is a psychological twist that is nourished by crusading. During an election campaign, most of us find ourselves abnormally bitter against the unspeakable opposition which has ganged up to make our immediate futures as degraded as their principles. Similarly, the defense of our conception of unified democracy inspires us to look about for someone to blame for its threatened disruption. We can't blame people who share our views; therefore our minds swoop triumphantly toward that other group, whose views we've never bothered to investigate but about whom we've heard some ugly things. We are selective beings, of course; we never fail to select the group which it is fashionable in our set to look down upon.

A sociologist with a long and honorable record of achievement for the fair treatment of Negroes disagreed violently with something I said in the home of a mutual Jewish friend. It was just before election and I had affirmed my political faith. "As a Catholic, I shouldn't think you'd vote for a continuance of Jewish Communism in this country," the gentleman snarled. "Between the Jewish brain trust and the Catholic party-sheep, we Americans will be pushed into the Mojave Desert after awhile." Before falling into that tender tete-a-tete, I had selected this individual

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as a singularly nice person to avoid on other counts. Therefore, I felt no qualms at suggesting that he might respect our hostess' family tree if not that of her guest. "Oh," he protested in genuine surprise. "She's not what I mean by a Jew; she's a refugee. And I was just excited when I implied that you're a Catholic party-sheep. I never think of you as a Catholic because you're really intelligent."

I've wondered if that man's work with colored people is objectively sound only because he doesn't feel the slightest sense of competition with Negroes. The four people on my list who expressed anti-Negro prejudice were certainly very few. All of them mouthed the sort of propaganda with which southern whites have justified their "color problem" since the Civil War: "I've nothing against Negroes, but they're all lazy and treacherous." "There isn't a Negro alive that you can consider from a white man's standards."

My unscientific deduction from the comparative popularity of the Negro among 91 prejudiced people is that, as northern "liberals," my bigoted pals find the Negro too remote for rivalry, hence too unimportant for scapegoating.

There were three Negroes included in the 100 persons whom I surveyed. All three were anti-Catholic, or, more specifically, anti-Irish Catholic.

I did not include anti-Irish Catholic prejudice in my classification of other popular prejudices because, in Boston, resentment of Irish Catholics is in a class by itself. In fact, many Catholics share it, including Catholics who have Irish blood! Only 49 of the 91 prejudiced people were anti-Catholic, but 74 of those same 91 were anti-Irish Catholic, and their resentment was more political than national or religious. In general, I kept my survey free from purely political prejudice. For instance, I did not note the persons who are willing to love everyone except the Com-

munists or the Republicans or the Democrats or the Socialists, despite the fact that I found much anti-Semitism stemming from the political misconception that all Jews are Communists.

The political prejudice against Irish Catholics in Boston is so widespread, in proportion to population divisions, that it infects its victims, tainting even otherwise unprejudiced Irish Catholic minds. "I'm Irish Catholic and proud of it," one friend told me, "but I'd like to see a law enforced to keep my people out of politics. Every Irish Catholic who goes into politics does me a personal injury. They cause me to be smeared on both national and religious grounds because the curse of the Irish Catholic is that he has no conscience in public affairs."

Another friend, half-Irish but Protestant, is, in general, one of the most fair-minded people I know. "I know I'm prejudiced against Irish Catholics," this friend told me. "I even know my prejudice is all bound up in my personal history. But I can't help it. How can I, when I inherited the capacity for prejudice with my bigoted Irish blood? I like the Protestant Irish because they're close to me in our mutual hatred of Irish Catholics."

These two expressions of sentiment are relatively mild beside the vicious anti-Irish Catholicism of a scholarly Boston blue-blood. "My father's generation of Bostonians underestimated the virulence of the Irish Catholic disease," he informed me, knowing perfectly well that I am one-quarter Irish and, therefore, too "prejudiced" to offer an acceptable rebuttal. "Father's generation believed that Bostonians might as well elect the Irish Catholics to political office, for we'd have to support them with public funds in almshouses or insane hospitals anyway. If his generation hadn't overlooked the fact that Irish Catholics wouldn't have been allowed to propagate so disgustingly in

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almshouses and insane hospitals, Boston might still be a beautiful city instead of a shambles."

As proof of the hopelessness of the Irish Catholic, he added, "You have only to consider their sustained hatred of us Yankees, who have done everything in human power for them. I'll warrant you've never met an Irish Catholic who doesn't hate Protestant New Englanders. They're incapable of gratitude as a breed. Look at how they've bitten the British hand, after it had fed them for countless generations!"

I was fairly punch-drunk and dejected when I had completed my survey. So many of the prejudicial blows had struck my own person that I had won myself a smudge of black-and-blue marks which defaced the lily-white label I had borne as "a liberal Catholic." Apparently "a liberal Catholic" is one who never argues against misconceptions of what constitutes Catholicism. The moment a Catholic defends his faith from injustice, he becomes a bigoted Catholic. I dare say the same fate overtakes a Jew or a Christian Scientist or a Presbyterian or a Negro or anyone else who makes the error of presuming that the misinformed might appreciate being informed of the facts concerning his people. Perhaps that is why most Jews and most Catholics and most Negroes have learned, through long and bitter experience, to defend the mysterious stigma of what they are by silently conducting themselves, insofar as it is humanly possible, in a manner above censure. The phenomenon to me is that I had personally never been challenged either to affirm or to defend my faith until I exposed myself to the culture-consciousness of the "liberal" movement against prejudice.

I must have been wearing my own unprejudiced crown at a slightly rakish angle

after my survey. At any rate a friend, who had contributed a smear of anti-Irish Catholicism to the dark picture I had assembled of "liberal" Boston, inquired with an idly searching look if I'd ever had any prejudice myself. "We'll overlook your prejudice against prejudice," the friend added.

With the halo heavy upon my brow, I recalled that in my youth I used to agree that French Canadians were a bigoted race, and the prejudice had troubled me because I'm half French Canadian myself. And I confessed that I had been a traitor to inheritance and training during an anti-Catholic period; that I call myself a convert to Catholicism, which I had chosen after a mature tussle between prejudice and in-bred conviction. As an adult, I declared, I hoped I had always been too thorough a small-d democrat to entertain a shred of prejudice. In general I felt that a person whose blood was French-Irish-German, as mine is; who was a native American, born and bred in the true democracy of the small town; whose religious seeking had resulted in a profound respect for any creed by which anyone might find it possible to direct his life—such a person would be in temperament too inescapably a citizen of the world to admit of prejudice. Add to that the objective curiosity of the writer toward all people and what makes them tick, and one would have to have an ailing liver or something to cultivate prejudice.

"I shouldn't think your views would be very popular among Irish Catholics in Boston," my friend remarked.

"They aren't," I said promptly. "The Irish are so nationalistic—as all insular peoples are—that they make their interpretation of Catholicism the same way. The Irish Catholics are a cross between the Jews and the Protestant Yankees in their characteristics and sometime, when they discover it, all three will live amiably.

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The Jews and the Irish Catholics segregate with their own kind in fearful guardianship of their culture; yet both push their way into the new culture to reap its benefits. The Irish Catholics and the Protestant Yankees are both convinced that a titled ancestor of 400 years ago bestowed upon them and all their descendants a royal right to any chicanery that is profitable: if they prosper, that fact is proof of divine approval. And both the Irish and the Anglo-Saxon Yankees are so cold-blooded (who ever started the myth about Irish warmth?) that their capacity for cruelty is the core of their bigotry. . . .”

I was interrupted by my friend's sad, conspiratorial smile.

In sackcloth and ashes, I humbly swell the number of 91 prejudiced “liberals” in my survey to 92. But now that I know how generalizations about any cultural group grow to the proportions of propaganda, I swear I will not be guilty of perpetrating them again in thought, speech, or deed.

The kind of unconscious prejudice I have recorded seems to me as curable as the habit of cursing, for both are the fruit of mental indolence. Many a person who would cringe from revealing himself so impoverished both of language and of good taste as to employ swear words instead of thinking up others, unblushingly exposes the naked parsimony of his spirit when he builds himself up by tearing other beings down. In every prejudice spoken, there is an unspoken preamble:

“I haven't much human dignity in my own eyes, but you'll see the kind of noble principles I mean to have when you hear what I think about this other low fellow.”

The purpose of Dr. Allport's little book on how to detect propaganda was, as one member of the Good Neighbor Association expressed it, “To make it unfashionable to spread prejudice.” I know now what that means and it can be done.

Thanks to that little book, I have felt the same humiliation at being caught naked—with only a prejudice to hide behind—as my friends, whom I subjected to my holier-than-thou survey. That feeling of shamed embarrassment alone tells me, and it would tell a child, that prejudicial remarks, however clever and informed they seem when one thinks them up, are socially unacceptable—unworthy of the person I wish to be and of the persons whose company I keep. I might add that I keep very desirable company these days, despite my ferreting out of prejudice among the unprejudiced. I'm on very good terms with the finest kind of human beings I know: small-d democrats, labelled: “Made by Mankind, Inc.” and “Warranted to last.”

Formerly a newspaper woman and now a freelance writer, Isabel Currier has written stories and articles for a wide range of magazines such as *Coronet*, *Cosmopolitan*, and *the American Mercury*. Her first novel, *The Young and the Immortal*, was published in 1941 by Knopf.

THE CASUALS

SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

Woe Sin pattered quietly through the long squad room, barely touching the floor with his slippers in his care not to disturb the sleeping men. He peered intently at the two rows of footlockers for a towel displayed to show a man assigned to KP. There was not a single towel on any footlocker.

Woe Sin stopped at the end of the bleak, bare room and shook his head doubtfully. He liked cooking for the casual company, because the men were clever at making jokes and were great laughers. They laughed even at their own misfortunes and misery, at whatever fate a pre-occupied Army might have in store for them, and at members of the permanent party of the camp who sought to keep them busy during their temporary stays in the casual company awaiting reassignment, temporary stays that somehow often lengthened into months.

But the casuals were hard men to induce to come on KP and to stay there once they had been herded into the kitchen. They were all men who had been in the Army a long time now, with much sophistication in its ways. It showed itself in the manner in which they wore their clothes tight, their pants bloused low over their leggings, the way they could come to attention with a brace so stiff or a salute so perfect as to make a junior officer feel slightly abashed. Many of them were non-coms; others had been non-coms and had been broken; still others quite a while back had hoped to become non-coms or officers, but as they went from place to

place in the Army they had found other men there first.

Now they had become wise in the ways of living through a war, at least that part of the war not fought on the beachheads. When they were assigned to KP and all other tactics failed, one by one they would vanish from the kitchen, so that a cook never quite knew when the casuals were goofing off, as they called it. He would happen to look up from his work and see only an empty kitchen, with perhaps one or two men left behind as a rear guard. In order to get the potatoes peeled or the windows washed, it would be necessary to hunt through the barracks, the day room, the furnace room, or any of the hideouts where the KP's might be sleeping, playing cards, writing letters, reading, or simply gazing into space.

This gazing into space was one of the favorite pastimes of the casuals, many of whom were waiting in the camp a long time for reassignment. Woe Sin, who had no time himself for staring into space, understood it for what it was. He called it "dreaming with the eyes open," but knew better than the casuals themselves that it was something deeper than that and more bitter.

But in spite of his sympathy for these convalescents from misfortune now eking out a makeshift military existence on unwilling details, Woe Sin saw to it by one device and another, by coaxing and by firmness, that they worked when work was necessary. His meals were well-cooked, in his kitchen there was no waste, and the

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mess-hall was immaculate always. For Woe took his war seriously. By virtue of now being an American soldier he was soon to become a citizen, and he understood more about the war than did many of his fellow Americans of less recent brewing.

There had been another cook before Woe Sin. This was a huge, angry Swede who drank a great deal, hated to cook and hated the casuals. He watched every move of the KP's, hung over them as they worked, found them endless tasks, and worked them far into the night. He kept the steaks for himself and cooked their food with disdain and little seasoning. To a KP who protested the unending work, he said with curled lips: "Here you work until you drop. Then we pick you up and give you a five-minute break. Then you go back to work."

But he got no work out of the casuals. They seemed to labor industriously enough, and he could never catch them actually loafing. But they peeled the potatoes with elaborate care, one every half hour, washed the dishes so tenderly they were not ready from one meal to the next, and there was a great deal of polishing the same salt shaker. When the Swede retaliated against them for not displaying their KP towels by switching on the lights and waking everyone, the casuals retaliated by unscrewing all the bulbs, remaining smugly in bed while he swore up and down the barracks. When he refused to give them a break during the day, one of the casuals complained of having the CR's from the cooking, and the others immediately picked up the cry. All day long they said they were sick and sat in the latrine where they read old comic sheets or chatted or simply gazed. This cook finally asked for a transfer, Woe Sin came to cook for the casuals, and a KP would have a chance to sit with his fellows in the latrine and discuss the various rumors.

When the casuals listened to the new rumors, it was never with the fear and loneliness with which men younger in the Army absorbed stories about where they were going. In fact, the worse the fate predicted, the funnier the casuals seemed to find it. If someone came in and said he had heard from a chap in the orderly room that they were being shipped to an infantry outfit on maneuvers in Louisiana, or had got it from a guy in personnel that they were going to some hellhole forty miles from the nearest town, the casuals would laugh heartily, especially if they half believed the story. And every rumor in the Army is half believed, even the unbelievable ones. The casuals had learned to take whatever the Army had to give them, or the war for that matter. They mocked, but never wept. And Woe Sin, who listened both to the rumors and the



mocking laughter, had much pride in the manhood of the casuals, who defied with laughter a fate they did not understand, and hated to do KP.

That particular dark morning when Woe found the lockers again without their tell-tale towels, he selected for special scrutiny a bunk occupied by a large shape giving out an assortment of grunts and whistles of fine satisfaction.

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This was Ramsey, a man who never helped even in the most essential house-keeping of the barracks and yet, in a corner of the Army where clever goldbricking was boasted and all personal shortcomings tolerated, was disliked and insulted at every point. Ramsey said the insults cost him no money and he answered them quickly, certain the other men were jealous of his father's wealth, the packages of food, and the handsome wife that followed him from camp to camp.

All the men had angles for getting out of work they disliked. Robinson, a husky ex-longshoreman, detested *kp*, swore that the lye in the *ci* soap gave him an allergy, and went on sick call to get an excuse from a small, bored doctor who was now a captain. But Ramsey's angle was most effective. He never worked, but mouthed a hundred indistinct excuses to get out of it. He proclaimed he was no sucker; if the Army wanted anything from him it would have to give him a "good deal." He had already been in and out of the quartermaster, signal, and finance corps looking for this deal, which seemed to consist of several stripes and little work, in a camp within two hours of home, and close by a town with a decent night club.

Woe Sin approached the large form of Ramsey and prodded him with a rude finger.

There was a temporary subsidence of the noises, as though the sleeping soldier were sulking over this unfriendly act, and then, when nothing further happened, the grunts began again with a determined loudness.

Next Woe shoved, rolling the fat body on the axis of its side. The noises stopped. The huge shape, topped by a flabby face with a big mouth and small eyes, sat up. The small eyes stared unbelievably at the scowling face of Woe Sin and finally recognized him.

"You *kp*?" asked Woe.

"No, I'm not on *kp*," Ramsey said promptly.

"You no *kp* long time," said Woe.

"I'm sick, Woe, sick. See?" Ramsey's voice took on a whining edge. "You get somebody else for *kp*. Me very sick. Go 'way now."

Woe looked at him a minute, shook his head, and pattered across the aisle, where a shorter, more muscular body held a cot in warm embrace. He woke this man by shaking his shoulder very gently. The man opened his eyes and said, "Hello, Woe."

"Joe," the cook whispered. "You get up and come on *kp*. I fix you bacon and eggs."

Joe smiled at the cook and stretched his stocky body in a quick yawn.

"Sure, Woe," he said. "Me get up. I'll be down in five minutes."

Woe pattered away. Joe swung his legs over the side of the bed and lighted a cigarette. He sat there smoking it a while. Then he reached over and shook the shoulder of the man next to him.

"Simmons," he said. "Get up. You're on *kp*."

Simmons' eyes fluttered open, and closed. "I don't want to go on *kp*," he muttered.

"Ah, see the chaplain," Joe said. "Get up. Woe's gonna make us bacon and eggs."

Simmons lifted a pair of long, bony legs from under the blankets and hunted a cigarette. Joe woke two more men, slipped on his fatigues, and went over to the kitchen, the others trailing.

With the quickness of long practice, the *kp*'s cut thick slices of white bread and thin slices of butter for the breakfast, broke open a crate of oranges, and set out metal pitchers of thick black coffee.

They themselves sat down to eat. Woe brought out eggs fried sunny side up and sat down with them.

THE CASUALS

Daltone, who was always filled with news and rumors, said he had met a guy in the orderly room and the guy told him there was an order coming out that any qualified enlisted man could volunteer for the infantry.

"Maybe Simmons would like to go," he said expectantly.

Simmons, who had been a college instructor in English before he entered the Army and became a casual, pretended to weigh the idea and then shook his head judiciously. "Not me," he said. "I've found a home here."

Nobody else said anything. Generally there was little comment among the casuals when mention was made of the troops overseas, of other soldiers getting their names in the papers as heroes or casualties. There was only silence when the radio spoke of bitter fighting. Men who had been air cadets and had washed out listened quietly when there was mention of a new ace who had downed 30 planes. There was only what seemed indifference, but it was hard to tell if it were that. It was not bitterness; the casuals had forgotten bitterness. Sometimes Joe, who had been a copyreader on a newspaper and had angrily jabbed punctuation marks into cabled accounts from Munich, spoke of a desire to get into the actual fire fight, but somewhere he too had learned to wait in line for the command to fight, as well as for chow, pay, mail, and medical care.

When Simmons said he had found a home here, the others knew what he meant. That was all the talk that was wanted about the infantry.

But for some reason Woe Sin was interested and asked in careful English why the Army made this announcement. He seemed to be waiting for an explanation, so Joe undertook to say, "Well, from what I read in a newspaper some stranger left in the latrine, they want to give anybody

who wants to get in the fighting a chance to get in. See?"

"The infantry wants men?"

"Yes, Woe, the infantry wants men. Fighting men."

Simmons asked, "Does that mean they don't want us casuals?" The xp's laughed. But Woe did not laugh. He got up and went back into the kitchen.

Simmons leaned against the wall and said he thought the Army was very illogical.

"Here this guy's girl throws him over and he tries to commit suicide. Now they've got him in the hospital nursing him back to health. Then they'll maybe court-martial him and maybe shoot him, which is what he wanted in the first place."

"Well, listen," said Joe, with a great air of testiness. "An Army has to follow regulations. Isn't that what regulations are for?"

Ramsey came in clean and freshly shaven and looking cheerful with plenty of sleep. He sat down and pulled the platters of food in front of him. The other men looked at him fleetingly. The talk stopped.

"Nice cheerful bunch," Ramsey said. "I'll be glad when I get out of this hell-hole. Anybody got any new rumors about shipping?"

Joe looked at him. "If you really want to get out, Ramsey, you can request the infantry. They'll take volunteers."

"Infantry? You stir-crazy? They'll never get me in the infantry. Besides, you don't volunteer in the Army." He loaded oatmeal into his mouth while he talked.

"What's the matter, don't you love your country?" Joe asked.

"Sure," Ramsey said quickly. "I love it so much I hate to leave it."

The kitchen had been quiet. Suddenly there was an angry rattling of pots and

COMMON GROUND

pans. Woe Sin shouted, "Get up from table. Pots got to be washed!"

Joe got up. "It's all right, Woe," he called. "These guys are all goldbricks but I'll wash the pots."

"Somebody get the pots washed," Woe snapped. "Too much talk, not enough pots washed."

Ramsey followed the *kr*'s into the

"What's Woe beating his gums about?" Simmons asked.

"He wants to win the war," said Joe.

Daltone jerked his thumb in the direction of the kitchen steps. "Look at him goofin' off," he said. They could see Woe sitting on the steps, his arms on his small, bony knees, staring off into space. For that moment Woe Sin seemed to look like a



kitchen, engulfing a final slice of bread and jam in his mouth.

"Why don't you volunteer for the infantry, Woe?" he said. "You like the Army."

Woe Sin whirled around. "Get out of this kitchen!" he screamed. "Fat pork! Kitchen off limits for you. Get out!" The *kr*'s watched in awe.

Ramsey's face reddened. "Don't talk to me like that, you dirty chink," he said.

Joe dropped the pan he was scouring, grabbed Ramsey by the arm, and pulled him toward the door.

"Get out," he said. He could feel his fingers sinking into the heavy flesh of Ramsey's arm, and he found himself hoping the big fellow would swing at him.

"All right," Ramsey said. "I'll get out. That means I don't have to go on *kr*." He left quickly.

Joe and Simmons bent over the sink and scrubbed at the huge pots.

casual himself, Joe thought. He hated Ramsey for what he had said.

After a minute Daltone reported, "He's left. I think I'll goof off too. I'm gettin' round-shouldered from workin' so much."

Joe said to Simmons, "Daltone uses up more energy to goof off than he would if he actually did the work."

Simmons straightened up and looked out the window.

"It's a kind of protest with him," he said quietly. "I think he's waving around his independence."

Joe watched Simmons. The gangling ex-teacher seemed somehow to have become smaller in the weeks they had been casuals together. At least his fatigues seemed to hang more loosely and shapelessly on his frame. Simmons, absorbed in some quiet thought of his own, dipped a pot in the rinse water, put it on the drying rack, picked it up and stared at it, and then finally put it back on the rack.

THE CASUALS

"What did you do last night?" Simmons asked.

"I ran around town."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I don't know. We had something to eat. We had a beer. We walked around town. Then we came back to camp. What did you do?"

"I stayed in and read. What are you doing tonight?"

"I think I'll stay in and read. You?"

"I don't know. I think I'll go into town."

They fell into silence.

Woe Sin returned in half an hour and looked intently at the *kr*'s, leisurely drying the last of the silverware.

"Get to work," he said. "Wash the windows. Maybe you don't know there's a war going on." He banged a skillet on the stove and opened and shut drawers of his table with emphatic rattlings.

Daltone slipped in, his eyes bright with the importance of the news he bore. He grabbed a mop and fell in with the other men.

"Say!" he whispered. "Woe Sin went in to see the captain and asked to volunteer for the infantry. One of the guys in the orderly room just told me."

Nobody said anything.

"The captain told him he couldn't do it, he was over the age. He said he was the best soldier in the outfit and he wished there were ten million like him."

"So do I," said Joe, mopping vigorously.

"Then maybe they'd let the casuals go home," said Simmons, making slow arcs with his mop.

But no one laughed. Joe put down his mop.

"Maybe you'd better not goof off now," said Daltone, watching Woe Sin rattling the pots.

"I'll be back in ten minutes," Joe told Woe Sin. The cook did not answer.

Joe found the barracks empty and lay

across his bed, observing again how the squares of beaverboard were joined to make the ceiling.

Someone came up the steps. Joe looked up. An unknown lieutenant, a tall and slender boy, whose features were still soft with youth, wandered in the door and looked around.

Joe got to his feet at attention, prepared to explain why he was lying on his bunk during working time.

"Ease." The lieutenant waved his hand aimlessly. He looked around the barracks. "You don't have a crossword puzzle, do you?"

Joe relaxed. He understood. For some reason no one would ever know, the lieutenant too was a casual, looking for a crossword puzzle. He felt a little sorry that a lieutenant should be a casual. He reached under his pillow and pulled out a puzzle he had been saving for himself for the evening, and handed it to the young lieutenant.

"Thanks," the lieutenant said gratefully and wandered back out the door.

Joe lay down again and looked at the ceiling. The beaverboard squares that had been nailed together when the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor now were yellow and beginning to buckle a little. Why had he done that, he wondered. He had been saving that puzzle for himself.

Then he knew why he had given away the puzzle. All at once he knew what he had to do not to become either a Ramsey or a Simmons. As he got up from the cot, he wondered why he had not seen it by himself, and before.

He walked over to the orderly room, knocked on the door, and waited. The company clerk, thin and eye-glassed, looked out at him and finally said, "All right, come in."

"I'd like to speak to the first sergeant," Joe said to the clerk.

"Is it important?"

"Yes, it's important."

The clerk shrugged his shoulders. Joe turned around and stood in front of the first sergeant, a heavy-set old Army man. The sergeant continued to labor at some papers on his desk. Finally Joe said, "Sergeant, may I have your permission to see the company commander?"

The sergeant looked at him with annoyance. "What about?" he said. "The captain's got a lot of work to do."

"I want to fill out an application for assignment with the infantry," Joe was glad he had somehow avoided using the word "volunteer."

The old first sergeant nodded sleepily. "You have my permission," he said. "Make sure you salute properly."

Somehow, but not surprisingly, the news had preceded Joe by the time he returned to the messhall. He knew it because the KP's looked at him casually and said nothing, and Woe Sin did not look at him and likewise said nothing.

He went into the dining room. Simmons and Daltone were polishing the windows, using a roll of toilet paper. Joe started polishing a window.

Simmons cleared his throat and said, "I'd like to do it with you, Joe, but I think I'm going to try to stay on at this camp as a cook."

"Cooking?"

"I know it sounds queer, but they need cooks here and I don't mind cooking," the ex-college instructor said. "And it's not so far from home I can't get there for a weekend with my wife."

Joe could tell that Simmons was watching his face for his reaction. "I think it's a damn good idea," he said firmly. "And you'll get your rating back."

"It's not that, Joe. It's just that these things don't faze me any more. Incidentally, your pal Ramsey is shipping out, too. He's going back to finance, at Camp Brooks, thirty minutes from his home."

Joe smiled. "I knew that sack would finally get his good deal," he said.

Daltone hopped off the table where he had been standing to reach the window. "When they want me, they'll come and get me," he said determinedly. "Then I'll go."

Woe Sin called Joe.

"No more KP for you," Woe said. "Go goof off."

"Gee, Woe," the soldier said, "that's mighty whi—." He caught himself. "That's swell," he said quickly, "but I don't want to goof on the boys." It sounded a little heroic.

Woe Sin nodded. "I wish we had ten million soldiers like you," he said.

"Ah, cut it, Woe," Joe said. "Let's have less talk and more cooking." He winked at the cook and went back to the dining room.

Before entering the Army, where he is now an ordnance technician, Corporal Sidney Margolius was consumer news editor of PM. He writes: "In the Army I have had two lessons repeatedly and permanently impressed upon me—the indivisibility of prejudice and the failure of the various minorities to understand this indivisibility. In other words, if you want to fight prejudice against one group, you'd better fight intolerance directed against other groups, too. Time and again in the Army I've seen that the baiter of one group sooner or later shows his hand about his feelings toward the other minorities."

The illustrations are by Bernadine Custer.

TWO ADVERTISEMENTS

THE PEOPLE OF SIERRA MADRE

(The following full-page advertisements appeared in the Sierra Madre [California] News, the first under the title "Merry Christmas to the Japanese!" on November 30, 1944, the second in reply on December 14, 1944. Sierra Madre is a small residential suburb near Pasadena, whose residents are mostly middle-class people, many of them retired. The exchange furnishes an interesting commentary on West Coast feeling about Japanese Americans.)

RELOCATING the Japs on the West Coast has suddenly become very important to a great many citizens of Sierra Madre and near-by communities. A four-page pamphlet is being sent thru the mail urging fair play for the Japanese. Upon investigation I find that there is quite an organization behind this "Brotherly Love" proposition.

This four-page pamphlet places great emphasis on the fact that 11,000 Nisei have made a brilliant combat record. With this I am in complete agreement. Eight hundred Japanese are now relocated on the Pacific Coast, with more coming. Dr. Robert A. Millikan says (and I quote) "Anybody who makes the statement that 'a Jap is a Jap' is either a thoroughly unscientific or thoroughly uneducated person."

A strong emotional appeal is made for Christmas presents for the dear, sweet Japanese. Fancy wrapping paper and bright colored ribbon are needed. Gifts of money are very acceptable. Naturally

no request was made for cigarettes as they have plenty,—nor were War Bonds suggested.

I hope that all of the good people who are so full of the love of fair play that they are worried about the Japs, will also be so deeply concerned about fair play for OUR OWN WOUNDED SOLDIERS that they will all go to the Blood Bank December 6th and give a pint of their blood.

I hope that these same kind souls who want the Japs back on the West Coast will remember on December 6th that a pint of their blood will bring a wounded AMERICAN BOY back to the West Coast.

I hope these loving citizens of "Our Town" who send Christmas presents to the Japs will not forget on December 6th that the finest Christmas Present they can give this year is a pint of their blood to a wounded American Soldier.

Realizing that I may be considered to be a "thoroughly unscientific or a thoroughly uneducated person" I, as one of the too few citizens of Sierra Madre who have given a gallon of blood, subscribe wholeheartedly to the GI Joe's statement, (may I quote again?) "THE ONLY GOOD JAP IS A DEAD JAP."

In September the Blood Bank failed to make its quota in Sierra Madre. Maybe if the Red Cross wanted blood for the Japs at Camp Manzanar or Tule Lake we would have made a better showing. Apparently many people feel that fair play for the Japs is terribly important just now. Well, after all, a pint of blood may be

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only the difference between life and death for a wounded American soldier.

You Citizens of Sierra Madre who are not able to give blood because of age limit or for physical reasons HAVE A JOB TO DO, and so help me—YOU'RE NOT DOING IT!

Your job is to see to it that somebody goes to the Blood Bank in your place,—or DON'T YOU GIVE A DAMN?

Our trouble is that we have too many people who are too busy worrying about Christmas Presents for the dear sweet

Japs! TO HELL WITH THE JAPS! WE ARE STILL AT WAR.

How about some REAL brotherly love and some REAL fair play for OUR OWN FIGHTING MEN, with some REAL American blood in it.

You have a job to do—DO IT!

GIVE BLOOD THIS CHRISTMAS—SEND IT AIR MAIL TO A WOUNDED AMERICAN SOLDIER.

Let's go over the top DECEMBER 6TH.
Bruce McGill

II

WE, the undersigned citizens of Sierra Madre, in view of un-American ideas and petitions for discrimination against loyal American citizens because of racial origin, particularly such Americans of Japanese ancestry, recently circulated in Sierra Madre, HEREBY DECLARE:

1. Our disapproval of any discrimination against loyal American citizens, or aliens loyal to America, because of race, color or creed;

2. Our especial pride in those thousands of Americans of Japanese ancestry who have proven their loyalty to America, in the face of hysteria and prejudice, as war workers and as American soldiers fighting with unsurpassed bravery, courage and devotion on all fronts, including battles on the Pacific front from Bataan to Saipan, and in those loyal parents of Japanese ancestry who have given as high as six sons and daughters to the American Army, a large proportion of them as volunteers;

3. Our faith in the discretion, integrity and justice of the F.B.I. which has stated that no acts of sabotage were committed by Japanese Americans either before or after Pearl Harbor, and of the Army of the United States which we do not be-

lieve will allow liberty to disloyal persons or will, or should, deny liberty to persons proven loyal to the United States;

4. Our welcome to any such loyal Japanese Americans or Aliens loyal to America permitted by the Military Authorities to return to the West Coast;

5. Our intention to aid them in finding decent homes in normal American communities, including Sierra Madre, in finding employment and in living normal American lives; we welcome their children to our schools and to play with our children;

6. Our disapproval of the un-American activities of the so-called Joint Immigration Committee and other pressure groups which have fostered and promoted racial hatred and discrimination and are not representative of the people of California;

7. Our belief that such un-American activities and propaganda undermine the unity of America and the faith of the peoples of the world in America and the things for which she stands, particularly the faith of our Allies of other races; and our belief that such activities are of direct aid and benefit to our Enemies;

8. Our regret that we have not been

WHEN GOODWILL IS ORGANIZED

given more news of the loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry from this region and we hereby request the newspapers of this region to give us such news;

9. Our intention and purpose to oppose and combat un-American ideas and agreements as that set out in the property restriction agreement now being circulated in Sierra Madre, and which we believe contrary to the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, believing that such ideas and agreements are steps away from Americanism and toward Nazism;

10. Our conviction that other Americans should donate their blood to the Blood Bank with the same liberality and devotion with which loyal Japanese American soldiers are donating theirs on the Battle Fronts.

Signed by: Remington Stone, J. M. Bush, S 1/c USNR, Howell White, Elmer R. Thompson, F. D. R. Moote, Idella Purnell Stone, D. Abel, Marion B. Gale, J. S. Weber, S. R. Sheriff, J. An-

drew Hall, Jean Russell Hall, Ann Knee, Mrs. E. P. Cox, H. B. Tuttle, Mrs. Catherine Tuttle, Kenneth M. Bush, Mr. & Mrs. A. A. Badger, Arthur O. Pritchard, Mrs. W. L. Porterfield, H. A. Rodgers, Ralph Jones, Anna L. Whitehead, Margaret S. Keys, Mrs. Barbara Hochuli, Mrs. D. Abel, Hallie E. Cooper, Mary Patterson Bush, Mary W. Evans, Bertha E. Thompson, Frances J. Henry, M. G. F. Henry, Mrs. D. E. Cronk, Mrs. Iva J. Thornberry, Mrs. Valentine Ratliff, Mabel L. Moote, Fannie R. Sea, Belton High, Lucile Groetsema, Arnold G. H. Bode, Laura Wright Carew, John A. Reed, John S. Neal, Fannie Lacey, Edythe Cole, Willard A. Evans, Mrs. W. A. Evans, E. Florence Evans, Ella S. Bush, Mae B. Coit, Ruth V. Sheriff, Hazel Morgridge, George Morgridge, Mary Sheriff, Mabel White, E. D. Burbank, Caroline C. Burbank, Mary G. Jones, C. W. Jones, Frederic Groetsema, Mrs. Kenneth M. Bush, Martha Caroline Pritchard, Mrs. Ralph Jones, W. L. Porterfield.

WHEN GOODWILL IS ORGANIZED

BARRON B. BESHOR

SINCE 1876, when Colorado was admitted to the Union, the mountain state has been intermittently plagued by grim labor wars, Ku Klux Klan rule, and bitter racial agitation, but recent defeat of a proposed anti-alien land law, aimed at persons of Japanese extraction, gave concrete proof that Colorado citizens are becoming more mature in their political thinking. Defeat of the proposed law also gave striking evidence of what can be accomplished when the forces of fair play are properly organized to combat a threatened evil.

Agitation against Japanese ownership of land became apparent immediately after the crops were harvested in 1943. It made its first appearance in the irrigation sections of Adams County in the vicinities of Brighton and Henderson, small farm communities north of Denver, hotbeds of the Klan in the 1920s when a Klan governor walked out of the State Capitol each morning to the parked car of the Grand Kleagle to receive his orders for the day.

Small-time demagogues, one of whom was the leader of a Klan remnant that

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maintained its unit vigor when the statewide organization was relegated to the less praiseworthy pages of Colorado's history books, panicked Caucasian farmers in these communities with reports that Japanese were buying up the best land and would freeze them out of their homes through "cut-throat Oriental competition." Despite official announcements that seven Japanese Americans—not 3,000 alien Japanese—had purchased land in the sprawling county, the agitation was constantly fanned until it spread to other parts of the state.

This anti-Japanese movement finally crystallized in a demand upon Governor John C. Vivian, a Republican, to call a special session of the Legislature to enact restrictive land laws similar to the notorious California laws. This demand was made by a committee of Adams County residents headed by a Brighton physician, Dr. J. William Wells, who was mayor of the farm community and whose son is a prisoner of war in Japan. Each appearance of the committee at the Governor's office was accompanied by a fanfare of publicity in the columns of *The Denver Post*, which has been consistently and hysterically anti-Japanese American.

Governor Vivian, though he contended a special session for such a purpose would be a waste of public funds, finally acceded to the pressure and called the session in the Spring of 1944. The lower House, after heated sessions and public hearings which saw scores of groups lined up against the proposal, voted the measure 48 to 15; but the Senate, by a close vote of 15 to 12, killed the bill.

Undaunted by this defeat, the anti-Japanese American forces then incorporated themselves into "The American League of Colorado" and easily secured a sufficient number of signatures to place an anti-alien land proposal on the November 1944 election ballot as an initiated meas-

ure—Amendment No. 3. This initiated proposal made no mention of the Japanese, though it was directed against them. As it appeared on the November ballot, it read: "An Act Amending Section 27, of Article II, of the Constitution of Colorado, to provide that aliens eligible to citizenship may acquire, hold and dispose of real and personal property. Also that provision shall be made by law for the right and power of aliens ineligible to citizenship to acquire, hold and dispose of real property; otherwise there shall be no such right or power as to them, directly or indirectly, except as to vested rights already acquired and guaranteed by law, which rights may be dissolved, liquidated or terminated by law."

A "yes" vote meant that Japanese aliens, who are the aliens ineligible for citizenship, could not own property in the state; a "no" vote defeated the proposal and left Japanese aliens free to purchase and own property.

During the earlier special session of the Legislature, clear-thinking representatives of various groups had banded together to combat the proposed restrictive legislation. They subsequently formed the nucleus for the important Committee for Fair Play which played the major role in defeating the amendment at the polls. Prominent among the group were Dr. C. P. Garman, a Congregational minister, who became executive secretary of the Committee; State Representative Arthur A. Brooks, Jr., of Denver; Dr. R. G. Gustavson, acting president of the University of Colorado; James Patton, national president of the Farmers Union; and Dr. Prudence Bostwick of the University of Denver.

The Fair Play Committee laid its plans carefully and well. It solicited and obtained the support of numerous organizations and influential individuals; it raised funds through contributions; it conducted

a militant campaign through newspaper publicity, radio interviews, and direct mail. It recognized that the fundamental issue at stake was the preservation of the principles and practices upon which the United States was founded, and as a result adopted a most fortunate and effective slogan: "Keep Colorado American: Vote 'NO' on Amendment No. 3."

The Committee also did an effective piece of work in bringing two able speakers into the state—Carey McWilliams, attorney, author, and lecturer, authority on American "minorities," who could speak with "home folks" in Colorado because it is his native state; and the Rev. Galen Weaver, a Congregational minister from Honolulu, who could speak with authority on the behavior, loyalty, and contributions of persons of Japanese extraction in the Islands before, during, and after the Pearl Harbor attack. McWilliams addressed a public meeting in Denver, appeared on a radio panel, and was interviewed by The Rocky Mountain News, Denver morning newspaper, which, subsequent to the McWilliams interview, called on Colorado voters to defeat the land proposal. Weaver carried his message to the smaller communities of the state, concentrating on those which serve as trading centers for farm areas.

But proponents of the initiated measure were also active. They carried on a scare campaign designed to appeal not only to well-intentioned men and women whose normal sense of balance was disturbed by the Pacific war, but tailored to excite members of the Italian- and Spanish-speaking minorities who would be the first to feel any new competition in the agricultural areas. The American League of Colorado also drew support from some veterans' organizations but was unable to muster any so-called "big names" for its statewide campaign. As a result, Dr. Wells and his original Brighton committee were

forced to do most of the ball-pitching for The American League of Colorado.

When it became apparent that the forces marshalled against the land proposal were aggressively effective, Dr. Wells put in a hurry-up call to Los Angeles for Dr. John R. Lechner, an Austrian by birth and an ex-Baptist minister, who has proven himself one of the most persistent anti-Japanese agitators on the West Coast. Dr. Lechner, self-advertised expert on the prewar activities of persons of Japanese ancestry, answered the call. He made several speeches in behalf of the proposed land law, but when he left the state a substantial portion of Colorado's citizenry were chuckling. It happened this way:

The Japanese American Citizens League office in Denver is in charge of Joseph Grant Masaoka, an intelligent, able, young Japanese American who has five brothers serving with the armed forces on the battle lines in Italy. The JACL, as the organization is generally known, has a tax-exempt status and must refrain from political activity. It could not take the field against Amendment No. 3, but there was nothing to prevent Masaoka from supplying opponents of the measure with "material and information." Mr. Masaoka did this with the utmost vigor.

When Dr. Lechner delivered his first Colorado speech, appropriately enough in Brighton before 89 of the town's 4,000 residents, he gave a tirade against Japanese Americans. His basic material was from the Tolan Committee hearing and the Dies Committee reports, as well as from the Gannon and Tenney hearings in California, sprinkled well with his own interpretations and deductions. As he finished speaking, Masaoka arose from the audience with "material and information." Mayor Wells, as chairman of the meeting, permitted him to speak, but The American League of Colorado did not make a second mistake of this kind. When,

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on the following day, Dr. Lechner and Dr. Wells went to Grand Junction, a fruit growing center 300 miles distant, a deputy sheriff barred Masaoka, who had followed them, from the meeting on the ground that Lechner and Wells had told him Masaoka's presence might result in a disturbance of the peace.

A few days later, Dr. Lechner spoke in Denver at what was again advertised as a public meeting of the come-one, come-all variety. This time, when Masaoka arrived, he found uniformed members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at the door of the auditorium. They passed out tickets and then collected them. Masaoka was refused a ticket and told he could not be admitted without one. He persisted, and the police were called but refused to make an arrest after members of the Colorado Committee for Fair Play, who had gone to the auditorium to hear Lechner, pointed out to the police that they would make an issue of an arrest.

The Denver speech was Dr. Lechner's last in Colorado.

While there is little doubt that the wording of the proposed land measure, as it appeared on the Colorado ballot, caused considerable confusion, with the result that many persons thought they were voting against Japanese ownership of land when they voted "no" and still others who opposed the measure inadvertently voted for it, the final tally was conclusive enough to demonstrate that a majority of Colorado citizens did not want legislation directed against a minority group.

A total of 195,752 Colorado citizens voted against the measure, while 173,652 voted for its adoption. Adams County voted for it, as might have been expected, but many other farm counties, including

several which have small Japanese populations, voted against it.

Colorado has a long record of voting down initiated laws and amendments at its general elections; hence it is highly significant that the three other measures on the same ballot were approved by substantial pluralities, while the anti-Japanese measure went down to defeat.

Even the most optimistic members of the Colorado Committee for Fair Play were surprised at the result. They had feared, despite their vigorous and informative campaign, that the Pacific war would be the decisive factor in the voting. In this connection, it should be noted that soldiers, voting by absentee ballots, expressed their disapproval of the anti-Japanese proposal by a vote of three to one.

Oddly enough, Denver, an urban area with a third of the state's population, gave the proposal a substantial majority. Denver has often decided the outcome of a ballot contest, but in this instance the well-planned statewide campaign of the Colorado Committee for Fair Play and young Mr. Masaoka's "material and information" prevented Colorado from adopting ill-advised, un-American legislation.

This Colorado experience proves that movements against the rights and privileges of minority groups can successfully be met in the open by forceful and intelligent action on the part of men of goodwill.

Formerly regional chief of information for the WMC in Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, and Utah, Barron B. Beshoar has returned to the Rocky Mountain News, Denver Scripps-Howard newspaper, as a political writer. During the campaign he describes, he served on the executive committee of the Colorado Committee for Fair Play.

THE COMRADESHIP OF FAITHS

BERNARD HELLER

AMERICA has been described as a social laboratory—where ideal group relationships are fostered and a better understanding between the custodians of diverse cultural and religious traditions developed. That the goal is far from having been attained and that the advances toward it are often exasperatingly slow and puny are indisputable facts. It is, however, no less clear that much progress has been made in getting people in this country to live together and respect the convictions and hallowed customs of their neighbors. This fact becomes especially evident when we survey not so much how far we are from the objective we exalt as when we consider the distance we have advanced from our starting point.

The Pilgrims were refugees from a country whose government was bent on restricting the right of individuals and groups from deviating from the form of worship upon which the State had bestowed official recognition. One would imagine that, having been the victims of intolerance, they would respect the right of conscience of all individuals or groups in the commonwealth which they founded, that religious freedom would be something they did not merely demand for themselves but which they would be willing to accord to others. This, however, was not the case. Ann Hutchinson and Roger Williams and their followers had to flee from the Massachusetts Bay Colony because they dared to differ from prevailing views and practices. The Quakers also were subjected to horrifying ordeals. Many

had their tongues bored through, their ears cut off, and some had to pay even with their lives for their deviation from the religious norm. In a letter penned in 1682, the eminent divine Cotton Mather warns Governor Higginson of grave and imminent peril: "There be now at sea," he writes, "a ship called Welcome, which has on board 100 or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is the chief scamp, at the head of them. The General Court has accordingly given sacred orders to Master Malachi Auscott of the brig Porpoise to waylay the said Welcome slyly as near the Cape of Cod as may be, and make captive said Penn and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified and not mocked on the soil of this new country with the heathen worship of these people. Much spoil can be made of selling the whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great good by punishing the wicked but we shall make great good for His Minister and people.

"Yours in the bowels of Christ,
"Cotton Mather."

The colony of Maryland, founded by Lord Baltimore, was intended to be a haven for persecuted English Catholics. Judged by the prevailing temper and tendency toward non-conformists, the colony well deserved the epithet accorded to it of being liberal and tolerant. It did not shut the door to non-Catholic settlers. The hospitality extended toward such set-

ters was so ungrudging that Presbyterians, Anabaptists, and Quakers soon made up three-fourths of the colony's population. To prevent sectarian wranglings and stigmatization, the legislature passed the Act of 1649, which ordered fining, whipping, or imprisonment to "persons reproaching any other within the province by name or denomination of Heretic, Schismatic, Idolater, Puritan, Independent, Presbyterian, Popish priest, Lutheran, Calvinist, Anabaptist, Brownist, Antinomian, Round-Head, Separatist, or by any other name or term, in a reproachful manner relating to the subject of religion."

This privilege and protection, it must be noted, was not extended to all God-fearing persons. First of all Jews and Unitarians were banned from the colony. The very act of 1649 threatened Free-thinkers and Protestant critics of Catholicism with severe punishment if they gave vent to their dissenting views. To him who denied "our Savior Jesus Christ to be the sonne of God," the stipulated penalty was death or confiscation of property—which, by the way, was to go to the Lord Proprietary Baltimore or his heirs. A fine of £5 Sterling, also to go to the Lord Proprietary or his heirs, was to be imposed for the first offense by "anyone using or uttering reproachful words or speeches concerning the blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of Our Savior, or the Holy Apostles or Evangelists."

Bigotry, when not thoroughly extirpated, often backfires and inflicts injury upon the perpetrators no less than upon the intended victims. This may be a partial explanation for the ironic phenomenon that within a few years after its founding, the Maryland Colony, the haven for oppressed Catholics of England, became the scene of discrimination against the devotees of Catholicism. "Popish Councillors" were ousted, and a Protestant Assembly disqualified members who looked

to Rome for religious direction. In 1685 James II ordered that all officers in Maryland should be Protestants. The order was a signal for the unleashing of a campaign to malign and discredit the Catholic priesthood. Immoral practices were imputed to them and their followers (the Atlantic Ocean was not a barrier to that propaganda). On May 27, 1697, Governor Francis Nicholson of Maryland, in a report to the Board of Trade of London, charged the men and women of Maryland with freely indulging in bigamy and other crimes. To this charge he added this personal comment: "I suppose the Jesuits and Priests were willing to have a loose government, both in Church and State, that they might bring the people to be Atheists, in order to make them Popists."

The vision of the Founding Fathers of establishing a commonwealth in which religious liberty was to be a sacred and inviolable right, and the story of the constitutional provisions they devised to safeguard that right, are a saga of man's struggle to free his spirit from external trammels. That most priceless boon was not acquired at one stroke. The Maryland Toleration Act, the Rhode Island Covenant for Freedom of Conscience, the Pennsylvania Charter of Privileges, the Virginia Statute of Religious Liberty, the Bill of Rights, together with notable decisions of the Supreme Court bearing on the right of a man to be unhandicapped because of his religious beliefs and unhindered in his resolution to impart to his children the faith of his fathers in schools of *his own choosing*—these represent milestones on the way.

Constitutional safeguards and stipulated processes of government are however but the scaffold and girders of a building. They help make an edifice secure and useful, but their ends are attained only when the stones and bricks are well laid

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and cemented. The ability to withstand expected and unexpected strains of winds and underground tremors alone decides whether the builder and the building are a success. The supreme judge is time.

The pages of the history of the United States are not free of the stains of religious intolerance. The burning of convents in Boston in the 1840s, the Know Nothing Party and the A.P.A., the anti-Semitic outburst which preceded the lynching of Leo Frank, the rampages of the Ku Klux Klan, the anti-Jewish campaign of the Dearborn Independent, and the host of American agencies which served and still serve Goebbels in disseminating the poison of Nazism in this country, cast shadows over the gallant effort of America to create a society where a man or group will not be penalized for religious divergence, but will be accorded the respect due rights which are deemed sacrosanct.

Yet of late there is increasing and encouraging evidence of the desire of men of differing faiths to respect each other and to work together. Even casual reading of the metropolitan dailies bears testimony to this fact. Last spring they reported the granting of an honorary degree to the non-Jew, Harlan Stone, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, by Yeshiva College, an institution identified with ultra-orthodox Judaism. The same paper reported the award of the annual medal for "distinguished service to his fellowman" to Bernard M. Baruch, and the donor of the award was The Churchman, one of the leading Christian (Episcopalian) monthlies in America.

On May 4, newspapers carried an account of the service held at a 279-year-old historic suburban Episcopal Church. A rare pair of eight-branched candlesticks and a sanctuary lamp were dedicated, the gift of a prominent Jew in memory of his parents. The pastor of the church was

assisted in the ritual by an eminent rabbi. The papers told also of the gift of a mansion, costing over a half-million dollars, to the Catholic Diocese of New York City, to be used as a convalescent home for the sick. The donation was made by a Jewish family of New York renowned for their progressive mercantile establishment and their civic spirit. Another day, I read of a Passover Seder which a local Temple had arranged, to which the entire membership of an important Christian church had been invited.

The week of February 22 has for some years been designated as Brotherhood Week. The celebration is marked by a special message from the President extolling the American principle of religious liberty and equality. During that period, rabbis and pastors exchange pulpits, and the Church and the Synagogue give concrete evidence of their mutual regard. Increasingly, trios of religious representatives (Catholic priest, Jewish rabbi, and Protestant minister) speak from the same platform, exhorting Americans to be vigilant against the divisive influences at work to weaken the democratic foundations of America. Brotherhood Week and tours by such three-man teams are but a few of the activities of the National Conference of Christians and Jews—an organization whose membership includes individuals of the three dominant faiths.

Nowhere, however, can one see the growing American practice of the fellowship of faiths so clearly as in the armed forces of the United States. The government has provided its soldiers and sailors with chaplains of every denomination, each assigned to look after the spiritual needs of members of his communion. A chaplain's sense of duty, however, is not necessarily circumscribed by denominational barriers. On the battlefield, many a rabbi has said the last prayer with a dying Christian, and many a Catholic priest

and Protestant pastor has recited the Shema as a Jewish lad gasped his last breath.

As Easter Sunday was dawning last year, an American bomber was winging through the stratosphere to an undisclosed destination. The crew consisted of Catholics and Protestants. Aboard the plane there happened to be a Jewish chaplain. Knowing they would have no opportunity of attending a church service on that holy day, the crew asked the rabbi to conduct a service on the bomber. He complied unhesitatingly and gladly.

Before me is a copy of a letter which a Gentile woman sent to a Jewish chaplain. It reads:

"Dear Rabbi:

"I received your letter today, sending my son's regards who was a guest at a Passover Seder in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. I don't think I ever had the pleasure of meeting a Rabbi but I will always love them from this day on because you are the first and only Preacher of any Denomination that has written me about my son. My son has been away seven years. He came home in 1939 for a short visit. I have lost my husband and my youngest son is in the Naval Air Corps. So I am very much alone. I only have the 2 boys and I love them so much I want you to pray for them and for me too. I have never been in your church, don't know anything about your religion, but it must be awful good to have one so kind to conduct the Service. I am thanking you again and I shall write my son today and tell him of your letter."

Here is a letter written by a Catholic soldier, Corporal Patrick D. Fisher:

"I am an Irish-French Catholic," Fisher writes. "At this camp there is a former lawyer, Leon Sawyer, the finest man in the world. Sawyer is an Orthodox Jew. We pal around with every conceivable nationality and religion known. Two of our closest friends are Lutheran graduates, while sev-

eral others are Southerners (Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians). We are all very close and accept each other for intrinsic value rather than on a nationalistic or economic scale. We inquire freely of each other about our respective religions and have learned much of value from each other. Sawyer has told me much about the Jewish faith—quite illuminating. Sawyer, with his fine disposition, his tolerance, his good breeding and ingratiating smile, has done much to combat bigotry and intolerance. You will recall that in the Army there are so many farmers and Southerners who are raised with a bigotry toward Catholics and Jews, but living with us they have learned tolerance and understanding for the other man's religion, nationality, and social standing. We are fighting for something worth preserving: democracy, tolerance, and hospitality, and we will fight to hell and back and then some more for a chance to return to a normal world where the Golden Rule is supreme and a man's a man, regardless of race, color, or creed."

Incidents revealing a contrary disposition are now and then evident, of course. But the outbreaks of racial and religious bigotry which besmirch American life are, I feel, exceptions that prove the rule. The notice they attract and the revulsion they evoke testify that they represent not the normal demeanor of even the culprits. Especially is this the case with the great mass of American folk.

This disposition on the part of men of various faiths to respect and co-operate with one another has the blessing of denominational authorities. This is true of Roman Catholicism as well as of Protestantism and Judaism. Ever since the elevation of Pius XI to the throne of Peter a change of attitude on the part of the Vatican toward collaboration with Protestants and Jews has been noticeable. That the change should not give the appearance

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of a break with the past, the extent of such collaboration was defined to exclude participation in common devotion (*communicatio in sacris*).

With the advent of Hitler and the extolling of the Nazi ideology, representatives of the various faiths became aware of a foe who, if unchecked, would destroy religion in all its denominational manifestations. Facing a common danger, they have tended to forget inconsequential differences. Today, Protestant, Catholic, and Jew, white and black, feel themselves comrades as never before. Not only do the roaring guns with their deadly shrapnel and the bombs which raze buildings and lay waste goodly cities make the soldiers at the front kin to one another, but the civilians behind the lines share with them, too, some consciousness of brotherhood.

Before me lies a New York Times editorial on the four chaplains who went down when the *Dorchester* was sunk. "Few of us," it says, "would yield to narrow prejudices if we were really aware of the way in which such prejudices disappear among brave men in the presence of death. This week General Somervell presented four Distinguished Service Crosses to the relatives of four chaplains, a Catholic, a Jew, and two Protestants, who went down with the troopship *Dorchester*. They went down because they gave their lifebelts to soldiers. The Catholic priest and the Jewish rabbi were seen to link arms as they sank. If in life their differing faiths separated them somewhat, in death they were united in a sublime faith and brotherhood.

"War, the destroyer, does one or two good things. It makes us conscious sometimes of our own pettiness. It teaches us the sublimity of which the human spirit is capable."

The most challenging task that faces us is the continuation into the postwar

era of this sense of unity and mutual respect and co-operation between peoples of different racial origins, religious professions, and cultural dispositions.

To achieve it, we need a clearer exposition, a wider dissemination, and a keener appreciation of the unique attitude of America to the basic tenets of religion—and to the multiplicity of the sectarian forms in which it is embodied. Native, as well as recently naturalized, citizens must be made aware that the American concept of religious liberty is not the mere willingness of the majority to be magnanimous to a dissenting minority. The Founding Fathers were averse to any act of affirmation which carried with it the implication that the Republic was linked to a particular form of religious expression. They accorded equal rights to all faiths, avowing a belief in a Divine Creator and in the sovereignty of the moral law. The first article of the Bill of Rights ("Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof") gave to each group and faith a charter of equal rights. In acknowledging the felicitations of the Hebrew Congregation of Newport, Rhode Island, George Washington defined it clearly:

"The citizens of the United States have a right to applaud themselves for having given to mankind the examples of an enlarged and liberal policy worthy of imitation. All possess alike liberty of conscience and immunities of citizenship. It is now no more that toleration is spoken of as if it were the indulgence of one class of people that another enjoyed the exercise of their inherent natural right, for happily, the government of the United States, which gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance, requires only that they who live under its protection shall demean themselves as good citizens in giving on all occasions their effectual support."

COMMON GROUND

An eminent prelate of the Church (Archbishop Ireland) has revealed a rare understanding of America's position as far as religion is concerned. "Religious freedom," he asserts, "is the basic life of America, the cement running through all its walls and battlements, the safeguard of its peace and prosperity. Violate religious freedom against Catholics, our swords are at once unsheathed. Violate it in favor of Catholics against non-Catholics, no less readily do they leap from the scabbard."

The American stand toward religion in general and toward specific religions applies equally—it must be emphasized—to the various racial stocks which go to make up the American people.

We must also realize that no single faith can lay claim to monopolistic possession of religious truth. No people can contend that they were witnesses to a final and climactic revelation or that religious insight has been exhausted at any one moment. It must be unceasingly asserted that each Faith has caught but a glimpse of the Deity and that they complement rather than supplant one another. Like pebbles of a mosaic, they collectively tend to enhance our knowledge and understanding of God and the good life.

This philosophy of religious pluralism permeates such a statement of President Roosevelt's as the following: "There are honest differences of religious beliefs among the citizens of your own town as there are among the citizens of mine. It is part of the spirit of Brotherhood Day, as it is a part of our American heritage, to respect differences. And it is well for us to remember that this America of ours is the product of no single race or creed or class. Men and women—your fathers

and mine—came here from the far corners of the earth with beliefs that widely vary. And yet each, in his own way, laid his own special gift upon our national altar to enrich our national life. From the gift that each has given all have gained. . . .

"At our neighbor's fireside we may find new fuel for the fires of faith at our own hearthsides."

Last, we must become conscious of the fact that even with victory over the Nazis we shall still be facing common dangers which threaten the welfare if not the very existence of the human race. Life is shot through with tragedies, disappointments, and frustrations. Man, irrespective of religious, racial, and political differences, finds himself in the same boat. At times it seems very frail and insecure, and the sea on which it is embarked so turbulent and the winds so angry and the night so dark that we must huddle together for mutual encouragement and solace. It is together we can find courage, can share our hope. Together we have strength. Together we can use that strength and hope and our intelligence to overcome our common perils.

Lecturer and author of many books, including *Odyssey of a Faith*, Dr. Bernard Heller is a native of the Ukraine and was educated in the United States. He was for ten years rabbi of the Madison Avenue Temple in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and for nine years director of the Hillel Foundation of the University of Michigan. He is now consultant to the Textbook Commission of the Synagogue Council of America, co-operating with similar Protestant and Catholic commissions with the aim of eliminating prejudiced statements from children's school books.

THE FELLOWSHIP CHURCH OF ALL PEOPLES

HOWARD THURMAN

SAN FRANCISCO is a "thousand cities within a city." There are rich international units from all over the earth nestled in the midst of its hills. In a very real sense it is the crossroads of the world and particularly of the Pacific Basin with which the destiny of America will be increasingly involved. No better spot could have been selected for a bold experiment in the genius of democratic living within the framework of religious faith.

The Fellowship Church of All Peoples in San Francisco was originally projected as a neighborhood venture in interracial religious fellowship. The plan for its organization and development was proposed a little more than a year ago by Dr. Alfred G. Fisk, Professor of Philosophy at San Francisco State College. The church as such came into being the second Sunday in December 1943, and its first name was the Neighborhood Church. Support for the venture was given by the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., in whose fellowship Dr. Fisk is an active clergyman.

The idea of an interracial church has been part of the thinking of many groups in this country, and it is a dream which has haunted me for ten years. The first contemporary effort toward establishing such a church was made in Philadelphia in 1936, when an interracial committee of the American Friends Service Committee launched a Fellowship Church there. It held monthly meetings during the winter months, at alternating Negro and white churches. All those sharing responsibilities for the particular service were taken from

the Negro and white groups. Usually Negro and white local pastors took the worship and the responsibility of presiding. The guest preacher was either Negro or white. The idea was not to establish a regular church in the community but rather to give a genuine testimony in the field of group relations. From Philadelphia, the idea has spread to other cities in the East.

The original idea of the Fellowship Church in San Francisco was different at one major point from the eastern movement: it was projected as a permanent full-time church located in a building, with a Negro and a white clergyman serving as co-pastors. Dr. Fisk has been the white co-pastor since the beginning. I came West in July of 1944 to join him. The plan for a Neighborhood Church was somewhat broadened and the name Fellowship Church of All Peoples established instead. The Church is a creative experiment in interracial and intercultural communion, deriving its inspiration from a spiritual interpretation of the meaning of life and the dignity of man. In faith and genius it is specifically Christian. Its membership commitment recognizes and undertakes to implement the conviction that the God of life and the God of religion are one and the same and that the normal relationship between men, therefore, is one of fellowship, understanding, and confidence rather than distrust, prejudice, and strife. The membership is open to any person willing to accept the commitment, to participate in its program, and to share in its responsibilities.

COMMON GROUND

There are four kinds of membership: those who join bringing with them a letter from some other church, those who have never been a part of a church fellowship before, those who wish to be associated in this venture while maintaining their membership in their own church, and those living out of the city who wish to become national affiliates.

We think it important that an experiment of this kind should take place within the framework of historical Protestantism rather than as a movement outside the stream of the church. In this sense it may be regarded as a direct challenge to the policy of separatism and segregation in which all the historical Protestant denominations are involved.

The Fellowship Church is dedicated to seeking the answer to several crucial questions for Christianity and democracy. First, is it possible to establish islands of community or fellowship in a sea of religious and social strife, with any hope of their resolving the strife? Second, is it possible for an authentic interracial and intercultural church to develop—a church that will not be largely dominated by one particular group with some other group on the fringes? Third, is it possible for a Negro and white minister to share the leadership of such a church on the basis of their respective gifts rather than on the basis of their group affiliations? In other words, in any given venture of this sort will the Negroes tend to gravitate toward the Negro pastor for leadership and counsel, and white people gravitate toward the white pastor for these same services? Fourth, how fundamental, and of what kind, will be the opposition to the development of the idea in practice, both from ecclesiastical interests and other interests of the community? What steps will be taken to neutralize its effect and to defeat its purpose? The work of the Church is too new yet for any conclusions to be

valid. I can only indicate the kind of things we have been doing.

For about eight weeks during the summer of 1944, the Church conducted a Fellowship Camp. The program of participation was built around "adventures in friendship." Our purpose was to deepen the interests of the children in other nationalities and races, and feed this interest with authentic factual materials calculated to give them personal experience in appreciating some of the art, music, folkways, and group contributions of other cultures. The peoples studied included the American Indian, and Mexican, Filipino, Russian, Negro, Japanese, Jewish, and Chinese Americans. As far as our skills permitted, songs, stories, handicrafts, and worship materials were built entirely around the peoples studied. There were exhibits of large photographs of scenery and persons, posters, costumes, dolls in native dress. Once, during the period each particular group was studied, a flesh-and-blood member of that group visited the camp and talked intimately with the children about his cultural heritage. The most creative result of the weeks was the production of a series of watercolor drawings using as subjects those things the children had learned about the people. In the drawing class one day, several little Mexican, Anglo-Saxon, and Negro boys were looking at a large poster of Russian children. Presently one said, "There's a boy who looks like me." This remark was followed by the same expression from each boy present despite the fact that all the children in the picture were Russian.

There were occasional excursions to various parts of the city of special interest from the point of view of intercultural emphasis. For many of the children the far-famed Chinatown of San Francisco was visited for the first time. They were most excited to see the Chinese Post Office and Telephone Exchange. It was good

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also to see Bufano's statue of Sun Yat Sen, who they had been told was a figure like the American George Washington.

Another of our activities is a series of monthly Fellowship Dinners extending through the winter. The November dinner, first in the series, was designed primarily to point up the fellowship within the Church itself. Persons from three racial groups, in the preparations for the dinner, became much better acquainted as individuals. The after-dinner program that night featured a distinguished Chinese American soloist. The December dinner was in honor of the Filipino American community, with the program provided by the Filipino Community Church, whose members came as special guests. The piece de resistance of the meal was Filipino, and there was authentic music by gifted musicians and an illuminating lecture by a Filipino woman on the life of women in the Philippines. The Monday night adult craft group of the Church had prepared the decorations, which gave those attending some feel of life in the Islands themselves. The January dinner had as its special point of emphasis the home-coming of the Japanese Americans to San Francisco, with those who had returned by that time guests of honor. The dinners are conceived as a psychological attack on the barriers that tend to separate Americans from each other.

A new development in religious experience has been the monthly Twilight Hours, projected as a means for inspiring group worship through art appreciation. Thus far, music, poetry, and drama have been employed. The Christmas Twilight Hour presented a series of Living Madonna Types in tableaux. The representatives included persons of American Indian, Anglo-Saxon, Negro, Filipino, Mexican, Korean, Chinese, Russian, Italian, Armenian, and Japanese American extraction. Light for each scene was focused on the particular

"Madonna face," draped in "native" materials, in most instances using authentic headpieces representing the cultural backgrounds. Appropriate music created an international atmosphere. The result was not only beautiful but made for awareness that the Madonna conception is universal, as wide as the family of man.

The development of such an intercultural-interracial fellowship program is still only in process. We are experimenting with standing committees to give each person in the membership opportunity to express himself at those points which will give him fullest and most satisfactory participation. A reading room is being established in which there will be available the significant journals of opinion and other publications issued by various cultural and racial groups in the country. The national membership includes service men who are located all over the world, many persons from academic circles, churchmen, and several persons carrying major responsibilities in government.

It is too early to evaluate the significance of the venture. If in every community in the United States an experiment such as ours could be undertaken, the Church itself would once again set in motion those spiritual processes which gave to it its original impetus and power. The ideal may develop in various ways that are indigenous to the community in which it is unfolded. To those of us who have dreamed of it for years, it represents an authentic growing edge for far-reaching social change in making possible communities of friendly men in a world grown gray with suffering and hate.

Dr. Howard Thurman is now on leave from Howard University, where he is Dean of the Chapel. He has lectured or preached in more than 200 colleges and universities in the United States and Canada.

INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION IN THE SYNAGOGUE

LEO SHAPIRO

IN SEPTEMBER, 1943, I began teaching public speaking in a Sunday School affiliated with a large synagogue in Chicago, Anshe Emet. The public speaking class itself was not very large—about a dozen boys and girls, ranging in age from about 15 to 17. At our first meeting, I lectured on basic principles of speech and then asked the group to give short impromptu talks on “What America Means to Me”—a favorite device of mine in classes in English and speech. The speeches were pretty fair, on the whole, and I made some specific suggestions about eye contact, vocalized pause (ah-uh-ah), and the like. Then we talked about content. Democracy, freedom, liberty, tolerance—these, I contended, are abstractions which are in danger of becoming merely words unless we give them body in our day-to-day activities. We must live these ideas to make them realities. How do you live them, I asked the group. What do you and the people you know do about minorities—not Jews alone, but Chinese, Filipinos, Negroes?

By this time the bell was about to ring, and I made the assignment for the next class. What we ought to have, I suggested, is a pooling of group experience. What relations have you had with members of ethnic, racial, or religious groups other than your own? Do you know any Negroes at school? How do you get along with them? Do you or your friends have any Negro domestic help? What do your friends say? How do they feel about the Negroes they know? I made it clear that

in this first speech I did not expect facts but experiences, emotional attitudes, rumors, and so on. We would merely throw out our experiences on the table and see if they could be made to add up to anything.

Came the next Sunday. The children began to speak. They had noticed quite a bit, these youngsters, and they told about everything they had seen or heard. It was quite a story. Of Negro boys and girls who sat apart and alone in the school cafeteria and read or talked or told jokes and stories—but always apart and alone. Of a Negro maid who had to go down three flights to the basement to get into her “uniform,” and then had to do the same thing again at night before going home. Of a Negro boy, one of the best in the high school, who was thoroughly embittered and who would go to the most extreme lengths to avoid talking to a white boy or girl. There was one mention of an Irish Catholic girl friend, and one mention of a Japanese girl, but with only these two exceptions, the rest of the talks were about Negroes. And the children, as I say, had noticed quite a bit.

There was, as yet, no attempt at synthesis or crystallization of attitude. The information came in fragments, like notes on separate slips of paper. There was a lot of data on a lot of slips, but it was difficult to know where each slip belonged. We talked in general about the kind of information we had, its lack of objectivity and completeness; and we tried to formulate the main theme of the experience

materials which had been presented to the group. The theme seemed to be: Things are tough for the minority groups in America, especially for the Negro; and isn't it a rotten shame?

This was pretty general, everyone agreed. We ought to come out with something more definite. So I formulated the problem: Since most of the group experience had been with Negroes, what should be the attitude of white Americans toward the Negro? And since we were all Jewish, what should be the attitude of an American Jew toward the Negro? Were the two questions one, or related, or separate but distinct, or completely separate and unrelated? I assigned a short speech on this problem for the next meeting. Such a speech, I pointed out, would involve an interpretation of the broader implications of democracy, of majority rule and minority rights. As Americans, the group might find some answers or suggestions for answers in the writings of Jefferson and Lincoln, in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. As Jews, they might find some fruitful suggestions in the Old Testament, in Leviticus, the Psalms, and the Prophets. We agreed on a title for the speeches: The Jew and the Negro.

The next Sunday I sat in my favorite spot in the back of the room and awaited the first speaker with nervous anticipation. As the children spoke, the fragments of the weeks before began to form links with each other. Quoting the Prophets and the Founding Fathers, they talked real democracy, democracy in the school and community, in the church and home. They had neither the virtues nor the defects of the abstract philosopher. They made their proposals concrete and specific: the boy at school, the maid, the girl who wasn't admitted to the literary club. My young idealists came of widely variant homes and schools, and their proposals took on the rich texture and variety of America.

Ben was a regular student at a high-grade private school in the city and talked about the work being done there in intercultural education, and the much greater amount of work which would have to be done in the future. Sam was a loyal member of the Hi-Y Club and pointed out in detail how the Hi-Y could become the fulcrum for better group relations in the public schools. One of the best speeches was given by Ruth, a refugee from Berlin, who talked about the Negro problem in terms of the Jewish problem in Germany. She concluded: "The Nazis always told the German people that you cannot sit on two stools at the same time. You cannot be in a concentration camp and out of it at the same time. You cannot have freedom and restrictions at the same time. There are only two ways at bottom: the Nazi way and the democratic way. Americans must choose, and choose soon."

Yes, the slips of paper were starting to form a cohesive and connecting piece. It was a colorful piece, too, rich in variety. But it was still more a patchwork than a tapestry. These children had the fundamental idea all right, and their sympathies were spontaneous and constructive. But statements like these came forth: "Sure, Negroes are inferior mentally, but we'll have to help them reach our standards." "Negroes have never made any contribution in this country. But how could they? They never had a 'Chinaman's' chance. They only had a Negro's chance—which was no chance at all." "Negroes are lazy and unambitious. I admit it. But how would you be if you couldn't see any future for yourself, or your children, or your children's children?"

It was time for reading and study. The children's hearts were in the right place, to be sure, but their ideas needed realignment. Just about this time, the New Republic special supplement on "The Negro" appeared (October 18, 1943). I

bought six or seven copies and passed them out to the group, as well as a few copies of the Survey Graphic issue (November 1942) of "Color: Unfinished Business of Democracy"; an off-print of L. D. Reddick's article in the Negro Quarterly (Summer 1942) on "Anti-Semitism Among Negroes"; the excellent Public Affairs Pamphlet by Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish, "The Races of Mankind"; some copies of COMMON GROUND and other material.

The students read for the next two weeks in and out of class. It was interesting to watch them. About every five minutes, one would look up suddenly in shocked surprise or take a second look at the page he was reading—as if he couldn't believe what he saw there. I asked them to give a speech for the following week on the same theme: The Jew and the Negro. If they had changed their minds about certain things, they could revise their former speeches; if not, they would be permitted to give the same speeches they had given before.

The following Sunday I came to class early and found Ted waiting for me. He worked in the public library near the synagogue. "Say," he said, "the librarian wants to know what you did to these kids. You know, they took out every single book on the Negro we had in the library."

And the speeches showed it. With virtually no exception, each child had worked out his own case carefully and intelligently. There was sympathy, as before; but now there was in addition objective information and fairly thorough analysis. They knew the names in the field and tossed them about with abandon. The air was thick with "As Embree says" and "To quote Herskovits" and "According to Benedict." One youngster worked out a clever report on Jewish anthropologists who have specialized in the Negro. I had not realized there were so many. Her girl

friend did a similar thing with Jewish philanthropists who have been specially interested in the Negro. One boy who was rather devout quoted a long list of passages from the Jewish Scriptures illustrating social idealism, and showed how the passages threw light on how we should feel toward the Negro today.

The encouraging thing about all this was that the youngsters had educated themselves. They had read on their own and developed projects and programs of their own. Gone were the bland generalizations they had got from the street corner and the ice cream parlor—the easy talk about "inferior mentality" and "sluggish blood" and bringing "them" up to "our" standards. They had gone a long way in a few weeks. They had taken the long step from mythology to anthropology and sociology. And it was obvious they had enjoyed the trip every bit of the way.

During the next few weeks, we had informal discussions about minority group relations. One morning, for example, we used as a springboard for our discussion a brilliant article on the Nisei by a member of the American Friends' Service Committee who was working with the relocation and resettlement authorities. During Christmas season, we discussed the relationship of Christmas and Hanukkah, the Jewish Feast of Lights. This involved an analysis of a most important problem: the justification of minority customs and ceremonies in a pluralistic society. The discussion was valuable as a concrete application of the intercultural principles which the students had previously learned.

On February 20, as a part of the Brotherhood Programs going on all over the country, the synagogue sponsored a program entitled, "Brotherhood or Chaos." Participating were a Catholic—Professor Edward Marciniak of the Department of Sociology of Loyola University and editor

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of the Catholic labor magazine, *Work*; a Negro Protestant—the Rev. Samuel Gandy of the Church of the Good Shepherd and now at Virginia State College in Petersburg; and a Jew—myself. I cannot be sure about the last speaker, but Marciniak and Gandy are practical idealists of unusual intellectual integrity. Sabra Holbrook of the Youthbuilders has often said that one of the most valuable factors in the intercultural education of youngsters is mere contact with a distinguished member of a minority group. Certainly this was the case here. The synagogue auditorium was packed with youngsters—my students, the other students of the synagogue, the members of neighboring churches, the leaders of the Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y clubs of the neighboring schools. There were also ministers, parents, teachers, and the like. But it was when the youngsters crowded around Gandy and Marciniak and tried to sign them up for the next twelve Sundays—rhetorical exaggeration, but not much—that I knew the meeting had been a great success. (The meeting did me some good, too, by the way. Since then, I have become a regular member of a three-man team with Gandy and Marciniak; and if they feel as I do, we are likely to continue working together for the rest of our lives.)

Now we began to prepare for the Passover program, which was to be presented sometime in April. Passover is the celebration of Israel's deliverance from Egyptian tyranny and the special occasion during which the ideals of freedom and liberty are reaffirmed. We tried to find something which would be suitable to the program and at the same time have relevancy to the work we had been doing through the year. Finally we hit upon an idea: a playlet presented through choral speaking. The Introduction to it describes what we tried to do:

"This is an assembly to commemorate Passover. For this program, the public

speaking club has adapted a poem by the Negro American poet, Langston Hughes—a poem entitled, 'Let America Be America Again.' To this poem, we have added passages from the Jewish Scriptures which relate to the same theme. We believe that it is especially appropriate to present such a poem by a member of an oppressed minority during a holiday which is consecrated to the ideals of freedom and liberty. Let us fight for freedom and against tyranny and oppression—and let us fight as brothers. The time has come when men of every race, creed, and nation must say to tyrants everywhere, 'Let my people go.'"

As my students worked on the playlet, the rhetoric of Langston Hughes got into their blood. It is a powerful poem, without question, and our discussions helped them really feel what Hughes meant when he said:

*Let America be America again,
Let it be the dream it used to be.*

They understood the profound meaning of the refrain:

America never was America to me.

They knew about the "poor white, fooled and pushed apart"; the "red man, driven from the land"; the "immigrant . . . finding the same old stupid plan"; the "farmer, bondsman to the soil"; the "worker, sold to the machine"; the "people, humble, hungry, mean." But best of all, I think, they understood by now the cry in the line:

I am the Negro, servant to you all.

By contrast, the passages from the Bible seemed to have a tranquillity that comes with eternity and omniscience. From Leviticus:

*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself:
I am the Eternal. . . . And if a stranger
sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall
not do him wrong. The stranger that so-*

journeeth with you shall be unto you as the home-born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the Eternal your God.

And from the Prophet Amos: *Are ye not as the children of the Ethiopians unto Me, O children of Israel? saith the Eternal.*

The Biblical-Hebraic refrain which we set up as a kind of contrapuntal theme to Hughes' "America never was America to me," was "For you were once strangers in the land of Egypt." Repeated three times at the end of the playlet, its significance was not lost on the students.

Nor was its meaning, or the meaning of the entire composition, lost on the audience which heard the play. There is no question in my mind that the vast majority had a rich spiritual experience as they listened to the play—I will even say, a rich Passover experience. The mother of one of my students who was standing near me—there was standing room only for adults—listened for a while and then said softly, "You know, I've always wanted to read some poetry by Negroes. This has convinced me. I'm going to do some real reading this summer."

But the most complete experience was probably that of my own students in the public speaking class. For them, this play was the poetic fruition of an entire year's work. They had worked hard, and they could see the tangible result in the enthusiasm of the teachers, their parents, their fellow students. I do not know how to evaluate these things. I think time is a better evaluator than an attitudes test. Time will tell.

This episode has a moral. It should be

clear by now, but I don't want to take any chances that it may be missed. Those of us who profess to be interested in freedom or four freedoms or fourteen should work for those freedoms in terms of the other fellow as much as in terms of ourselves and our own group. The strong force of egoism will pull us to ourselves anyway; but we ought to try our best to pull the other way. The Negro who is interested only in freedom for the Negro is working for what everybody else is working—Number One, himself. The Jew to whom freedom means only relief from anti-Semitism is being concerned with—himself. And so with the Catholic, the Protestant. I am waiting for the day when each man will in word and daily practice love his neighbor as himself. I am waiting for the day when Negroes en masse start fighting anti-Semitism, and Christians and Jews start fighting anti-Negroism; when Catholics en masse become concerned about Protestant poor whites in the South, and Protestants en masse start doing all they can for undernourished and ill-housed Catholics in Latin America. I am waiting for the day when anti-Semitism is denounced from every pulpit of every church in America.

We all wait for them to start, but they are we. Isn't it about time that we began?

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TRUTH

GWENDOLYN BROOKS

And if sun comes
How shall we greet him,
Shall we not dread him,
Shall we not fear him
After so lengthy a
Session with shade?

Though we have wept for him,
Though we have prayed
All through the night years—
What if we wake one
Shimmering morning to
Hear the fierce hammering
Of his firm knuckles,
Hard on the door?

Shall we not shudder?
Shall we not flee
Into the shelter, the dear thick shelter
Of the familiar
Propitious haze?

Sweet is it, sweet is it
To sleep in the coolness
Of snug unawareness.

The dark hangs heavily
Over the eyes.

Gwendolyn Brooks has won a succession of prizes for poetry in the last few years, among them the Midwestern Writers' poetry prize in 1943 and 1944, and the Annual Writers' Conference Workshop poetry prize in 1944. Her work has appeared in Poetry, a Magazine of Verse, and in Harper's magazine. Harper's will publish her first book of verse this year.

UNCLE ANDREW AND AULD ROBBIE

HELEN PAPASHVILY

THERE'S naught so fine about Scotland," Aunt Maggie always said when she got her Irish up at Uncle Andrew. "You was hungry there and poor. That's why you left."

"Poor, I will grant you," Uncle Andrew would say. "So poor I walked all the way from Edinburgh to the City of San Francisco and proud of it."

But fifty years later, by the time I knew him, Uncle Andrew had the best of all richness; he was "comfortable off" in a house with two bay windows, drove a surrey, carried a gold-headed cane, and owned three hundred acres of good ranch land and the biggest commission market on the San Joaquin River.

Three hundred and sixty-four days a year he lived like any other Californian—got up, ate a soup bowl full of sliced peaches or garden oranges, tucked away a stack of jacks, buttoned his black coat to the neck, folded his pants cuffs into his high boots, and walked out through the California morning to his office on the levee. There he bought spuds and sold 'gras and in his spare time bagged cornmeal and rice and tea into grub stakes for the miners to carry out on one more last-chance trip up to the Lode.

"I don't borrow and I don't lend." Uncle Andrew said it so often that the counting abacus in his office could almost click a tune for it. "I don't borrow and I don't lend. What's a nickel? A nickel is 5 per cent for a year on a dollar."

That was Uncle Andy 364 days in a year—a steel eye and a shut-trap mouth.

But on the three hundred and sixty-fifth, all this was changed, for on that day Uncle Andrew kept the birthday of Auld Robbie—Auld Robbie Burns.

On that morning he had a wee drap from the stone jug, and Aunt Maggie made oatmeal according to his exact directions for breakfast.

"God save his Grace, the Duke of Argyll," Uncle Andy would say, spooning it down and rubbing his coat against the chair back. "God save his Grace, for he set scratching posts the length and breadth of Scotland."

After this, Uncle Andrew put on his kilt and his socks, and there was a tearin' of the hoose doon to find his sporran and then his bunnet lost since the year before, and when these were all on to his satisfaction he threw his plaid over his shoulder, the Bruce plaid—for Uncle Andrew was a Bruce—"and proud to stand in any company and give my name and place."

Then a fire was lighted in the parlor heater and Uncle Andrew went in and sat down with the old leather-bound Burns across his knees and the stone jug between them. About ten Mr. Craig Murdoch, The Murdoch he was back home in Scotland, could be heard piping himself up the plank street.

"Oh, Scots," wailed his tune through the bright California day. "Oh, Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled—" and behind Mr. Murdoch came an army of all the ragamuffins in town catcalling at his song and mocking his kilt, but the pipes never faltered—"Oh Scots—"

At the gate Mr. Murdoch counted out a careful handful of pennies, bought his detractors off, turned in the walk, and came up the steps.

"A fine thing," he complained, "fer a mon of royal blood—" For Mr. Murdoch was descended from The Bruce, too, through his mother who was a MacAnally on her mother's side.

"Aye, Lad," Uncle Andrew said. "Aye."

Then they went in and sat quietly on the horsehair sofa with the complete Burns still closed but ready to hand, on the table. Sometimes Mr. Murdoch would pass a considered judgment, and Uncle Andrew would give him a careful Aye or

drew and march in a body to the Point where they sculled weights at each other and broad jumped against the Caledonian Club and another stone jug circulated—not the one from home but a close relative.

It was early evening before they strolled back again.

"Young Jaimie was bonnie and braw and gay"—you could hear them singing long before they turned in at El Dorado Street, Uncle Andrew carrying the lead—"as any in old Dundee."

"As any in old Dundee," trolled Mr. Murdoch in a fine tenor.

"And his life and his honor and his



No to it, and all the while the stone jug rose and fell and rose again.

By twelve when they bade Aunt Maggie a formal goodbye, a wonderful burr had grown over their voices—"G' be wi' y', Lass—" and linking arms they walked off to join the other Loyal Sons of St. An-

heartbreath," went Uncle Andrew in a way to bring a tear to the eye, "he counted as naught for me."

"For me. For me. For me," came in Mr. Murdoch.

Home, Aunt Maggie had haggis for their supper, and the stone jug came out

COMMON GROUND

of his cupboard again. After, a fresh fire burned in the parlor stove and they pulled the sofa closer and settled down to reading Burns out loud.

"And don't forget, turn and turn about, Lad," Uncle Andrew told him, surrendering the volume.

"I'll begin with 'O my Luvie's like a red red rose,'" said Mr. Murdoch smoothing his ginger side whiskers, "That's newly sprung in June—"

"A grand Lad." Uncle Andy blew his nose at the conclusion. "A grand Lad, Auld Robbie, but nut appreciated—"

"Nut in my time and nut in yours," Mr. Murdoch agreed, "but in times to come—"

"Aye. In times to come. And now I'll gi' y' my favorite. 'Wee, sleekit, cowrin tim'rous beastie,'" he began with great expression while Mr. Murdoch had only the jug to comfort him until he could snatch the book back and from its foxed pages give "A Man's a Man for a' that."

Then, when the stone jug grew lighter, Mr. Murdoch took up the pipes.

"Sure it'll run cracks down my walls," Aunt Maggie said. "Why, the sound of

the thing alone could break a window glass." But to Uncle Andrew it spoke of Scotland in tones so sweet he must have heard the water lapping on the edge of Loch Earn, have caught again the fluting of the birds beyond the woods at Invermay.

It was after midnight when Uncle Andy helped Mr. Murdoch out to the gate, and then Aunt Maggie had to go out and help Uncle Andy in again and it was all over for another year.

"There's naught so fine about Scotland," Aunt Maggie would say, cross because now she had the fuss of putting the kilt into brown paper and moth balls and stuffing the bonnet with tissue. "You was hungry there and poor."

"That I'll grant you," Uncle Andy said. "And I'm not a mon to be soft about a country just because it was mine. No, Scotland's like any other place. Except in most respects it's better."

Helen Papashvily has temporarily deserted the Georgians to portray some of her own immigrant ancestors.

Kurt Werth is the illustrator.

KARL BITTER, SCULPTOR

I SUPPOSE, Private Bitter," said his captain and company commander as he handed a pass for a few days' furlough to the tall, handsome conscript before him, "that when this is up we shall not see you again."

Private Bitter was speechless at this suggestion, especially as he had not asked for the pass. To be incited to desert by

the man who above all others should have urged him to remember his oath and remain faithful to the Austrian colors was something Bitter expected least of all. Desertion had never occurred to him, miserable as he was, with nearly three years of military servitude ahead of him. He was being bullied, ill-treated, overworked, almost tortured, by a lieutenant who recog-

nized that this soldier of compelling physique and unusual personality, a graduate of the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts, was mentally and morally his superior. Apparently the captain was in no position to see justice done in any other way. Bitter took the pass, went to his parental home, and acted on the hint. In civilian clothes he made his way over the boundary into Germany, then fled across the Atlantic. The hated system of peace-time conscription—now being urged for the United States—thus gave one more brilliant and loyal citizen to America, one of the hundreds of thousands who came to this country to avoid the loss of three years of their youth, and, all too often, degradation at the hands of brutal sergeants or company officers.

Years later, Karl Bitter was working in his studio when there was a knock on the door. He opened it, and, incredible as it seems, there stood the very lieutenant who had driven him out of the Austrian army. He explained that he had been told Mr. Bitter was an Austrian and a kindhearted man. He, too, was an Austrian. More than that, he was starving. Could not Mr. Bitter give him some work to do—anything, so that he could keep body and soul together? When Bitter recovered from his astonishment, he lashed out at the man before him, revealing who he was and reminding the ex-lieutenant of what he had suffered at his hands. Then Bitter showed his Christian spirit by actually taking the man in, giving him food and drink and clothing, and for two years employed him as his personal valet and butler—a human incident that would hardly be believed if put upon the stage. But this was only one example of Karl Bitter's greatness and magnanimity.

It was not difficult for this immigrant to rise after his arrival in New York on November 28, 1889. He readily became a stone-carver for a firm of architectural

decorators; work with his hands was a part of his being. Two years later, it came to his knowledge that a family named Astor had offered a large prize for the best design for new bronze doors to be put into Trinity Church in New York. His fellow-stonecutters were greatly amused when Bitter announced his intention to try to win this competition into which many established artists entered, but enter he did and the judges gave him the award. With it came instant recognition that an unusual talent had arrived. He almost leaped into fame for this single achievement which brought him the interest and aid of such distinguished architects as Richard Morris Hunt and George B. Post. Orders for decorations for buildings poured in upon Bitter. These in turn led to the discovery of his great talent for modelling large figures and whole groups. In due course there came his employment to make groups for the great Chicago Fair of 1893, and later for the Columbian, Louisiana Purchase, and Buffalo Expositions. When the Panama-Pacific Exposition took place in San Francisco, he gave much of his time to the direction of it, with little or no compensation, and refused to offer any creation of his own lest he deprive others more needy than himself of remuneration or professional opportunity. Never did he fail to do his utmost to aid others to rise as had he.

And never was there any immigrant to these shores quicker to absorb the American spirit. Indeed, Bitter was born to be an American. It was impossible to be with him and not feel that he was as thoroughly a citizen of this country as if his ancestors had been here for generations. He spoke beautiful English. His allegiance to his new country was profound and unshakable. No one more readily appreciated and utilized the teachings of our history, or was more familiar with the greatest leaders of our past. He read our history voraciously.

ciously and whenever a task came to him involving a personality, he never began work on his model until he had steeped himself in knowledge of the man and his times and surroundings. When, just before the close of his life, the First World War came, to unsettle many of the foreign-born because of surviving love of their mother countries, Karl Bitter stood like a rock. No one ever doubted or questioned his loyalty and his devotion. He was a man of principle and deep-seated beliefs, and, having given his whole heart to democracy, nothing could shake him in his devotion to its ideals and to the country which gave him haven.

So it came to pass that among his greatest works of art are sculptured figures of some of the founders of this country. His statues of Jefferson, Marshall, and Hamilton are among the most moving and poetic. One of his figures of Jefferson stands at the entrance to the Jefferson Memorial in St. Louis; another ornaments the city of Cleveland; a third stands in the University of Virginia. His Louisiana Purchase monument portraying Marbois, Monroe, and Livingston in the act of signing the treaty of Louisiana is one of the most graceful and charming groups ever created in the United States. Bitter had the power to put not only beauty, but strength, romance, and a most intelligent understanding of the characters of the men also, into the figures of those he sculptured. Take his full-length figure of Henry Philip Tappan, the first president of the University of Michigan. It is not only a most remarkable likeness, but portrays a personality rugged, vigorous, powerful. No descendant of one who came on the first voyage of the *Mayflower* could possibly have been more American than this artist who never set foot in this country until he was twenty-two. Never was there a suggestion of a European touch or interpretation in any of his work.

Naturally when it came to the construction of memorials to two great German Americans, General Franz Sigel and General Carl Schurz, the committees in charge turned to Karl Bitter. Sigel's fame resting solely on his career with the Army, Bitter as a matter of course represented him as the soldier on horseback. When it came to Schurz, he pictured him not as the corps commander at Gettysburg, but as a deep thinker and statesman of the United States Senate, the outstanding figure in numerous presidential campaigns, the one officer whom Lincoln permitted to correspond with him when he was in uniform. It stands near Columbia University. It was natural that one of the panels on this Schurz Memorial should portray allegorically Liberty and Enlightenment leading the newly arrived in America to freedom and the pursuit of knowledge. So, also, one of the greatest works of art in this country is the group on the pediment of the Wisconsin State Capitol representing the rise of the Middle West. There are tremendous strength and power in these figures that picture the pioneering of that whole great section of America. Here, as in every other case, the outstanding note is one of idealism, the artist's interpretation of the quest for a new and nobler world, with new hopes and new aspirations and new goals, which Bitter embodied in his own self and his own achievements.

Often, too, there is a note of sympathy for the unfortunate, as in his beautiful allegorical plaque to "The Tombs Angel," the noble-spirited Rebecca Foster, who gave her life to helping the unfortunates brought into the criminal courts in New York. Similarly the medallion presented to Robert C. Ogden, who for a number of years encouraged and stimulated and enriched the cause of education in the South for whites and blacks, brings out the sphinxlike quality of the problem of the

juxtaposition on one soil of two races. When the writer of this sketch commissioned Mr. Bitter to create a memorial to Henry Villard in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Tarrytown, New York, the only suggestion made to him was that it should be something so idealistic and beautiful it would draw visitors to the cemetery to gain strength from its beauty. The noble figure of a strong unclad man, who has pounded out great creations upon his anvil and then turns with his work done to face the skies, has accomplished just what was asked of the artist.

So he went from one achievement to another. When Admiral Dewey returned from his victory at Manila Bay, Bitter, the former Austrian, was selected to superintend the building of the Dewey Arch. It was said of it that it was too great and too beautiful by far for the victory that it commemorated. But to it Bitter gave weeks of inspired, unpaid labor. When he competed for the soldiers' monument at Albany, he wrought a design so original that the failure to accept it would be inexplicable to this day were it not that it was so unusual and unconventional as to place it beyond the range of the committee. It was not the familiar shaft, but called for several groups in a rare landscape effect which would have made it a most remarkable civic feature. He broke away from the customary portrayal of the spick-and-span soldiers on parade before the conflict and created groups of surviving war-torn veterans bringing home their wounded comrades—mothers and children waiting, some recognizing their beloved ones in the groups in uniform, and others finding them not. It would have been the only monument, so far as this writer is aware, to socialize the meaning of war. It was too near to the real truth about war to make its way.

Again, he could turn from civic undertakings to such artistic achievements as

the charming fountain at the plaza at 59th Street and Fifth Avenue in New York, which was made possible by the will of Joseph Pulitzer; it faces another great artistic creation, the superb St. Gaudens statue of General Sherman on horseback led by the angel of victory. A fountain group beautifies the garden of the late John D. Rockefeller at Pocantico Hills, and there are numerous other works in which the artist has full play.

Truly Karl Bitter, the Austrian-born, was several men in one. He was first the artist, next the craftsman, then an historian, and finally a man of great executive ability, something one finds so rarely in the artist. Hence, it is not surprising that at forty he was chosen president of the National Sculptors' Society. At forty-seven, when a cruel death overtook him, he was holding this honorable position for the second time—the greatest possible tribute his American-born and American-trained fellow-craftsmen could possibly pay to him.

To be with him was always a joy and a stimulus. For in addition to his other qualities he had a marked sense of humor and was a delightful narrator, as, for instance, when he told the story of what happened to him one day in the wonderful studio he had for years on the Palisades above the Weehawken end of the 42nd Street ferry, with its glorious view of the City of New York across the Hudson. He was then planning several groups of bears for the Buffalo Exposition and, having finished the task in hand, he sat down to rest and wonder where he could find a bear to pose as a model. The doors from his studio onto the terrace were open, and, as he sat there looking out, there suddenly appeared before his incredulous eyes a huge brown bear. Much as he desired that bear's services, Bitter lost not a second in closing the doors of his studio where he waited until the bear's owner arrived,

breathless, to explain that his animal had got away from him and climbed straight up the Palisades, while he had to follow the road. "Never," said Bitter, "was there so sudden and so satisfactory an answer to prayer—or so terrifying a one. The bear was a superb one, just what I wanted, and I made a quick bargain with his owner. The three of us became good friends before my groups were done." He was just the type of man to whom come interesting experiences and adventures.

How inexplicably acts the hand of fate! In the midst of his powers, with his promise ever greater, with years of increasing activity and usefulness before him, he was struck down in a moment. Upon his and his wife's answer to a simple question hinged his fate. We met at the opera on the night of April 9, 1915, he with his wife, I with mine. We begged them to drive home with us and stop for refreshment on the way. "No," said his wife, "my man is working very hard and has to get up every morning before seven to hurry to the studio in Weehawken. We'll take our auto—the streetcar across the way—which takes us, as you know, almost to our door." They crossed the street. An automobile without adequate brakes, driven by a careless boy, plunged at them as they stood on the curb of the sidewalk. Bitter pushed his wife aside—nobleman to the end—and went under the wheels. She was unhurt; his genius passed from this world in a few hours. Had he ridden home with us, he would have risen to even greater heights and been universally recognized as one of the greatest American creators of imperishable artistic values.

A few weeks after his death, there was held a memorial meeting in honor of this great immigrant to America, under the auspices of the National Sculptors' So-

ciety, the National Academy of Design, The Architectural League of New York, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the Art Commission Associates, and The Century Association. Besides the noteworthy tributes to Bitter the sculptor, the citizen, the patriot, there was full and free recognition of what America had gained by being the refuge of a migrating spirit like this. Speaking officially for the City of New York, George McAneny, then President of the Board of Aldermen, paid this official tribute:

"Karl Bitter himself was a statesman. There was nothing in our public life that he did not quickly grasp, conceive, and understand. When he worked out for us the medallion for Robert Ogden, commemorating our journeys and experiences in the South, we told Bitter what we wanted to express. He came back soon with a wonderful design, expressing every thought in our minds, and giving to the world of art a real treasure. It was so in everything that he touched. Never have I known a man in whom the rarest qualities of strength and sweetness were so wonderfully united. I have never known him to be impatient; never known him to leave a word that would rankle in the heart of any other man—only that constant fineness. New York will treasure his name, I need not assure you. . . . The city itself will never forget him."

Oswald Garrison Villard is one of America's veteran journalists of the liberal persuasion. He is the son of Henry Villard, the boy immigrant to the United States who became a famous war correspondent and friend of Lincoln and opened up the Northwest by completing the Northern Pacific Railroad.

THE RIGHT TO WORK

EDWARD LAWSON

CONSIDER Ruby Gordon—which is not her real name, but comes close enough.

Intelligent, alert, progressive, Ruby had studied meteorology at Hunter College although her teachers had warned patiently that it was almost impossible for a Negro to work in that field. "Meteorologists," they all had said, "are hired by private firms only after they've acquired some seasoning and work experience in a government agency. And—well, you know how some of them are."

Ruby Gordon thought they overemphasized the racial angle. If the government didn't have Negro weather observers, perhaps it simply was because no one had qualified. Certainly no agency, in war time, would turn down a well-trained worker just because she happened to be colored, especially in view of what the President had said about there being no discrimination in war work.

So when she was graduated, Ruby went to the nearest Civil Service office. She saw a sign there headed "Women Urged to Apply Immediately for the Position of Junior Observer in Meteorology, \$1440 a year." That was just what she wanted. The only requirements were graduation from high school, and she had finished college!

Getting certified by Civil Service was a simple matter—all she had to do was pass a written test in mathematics and mechanics. But getting hired by the Flying Forecast Bureau, to which she was referred, was something else again. After several fruitless interviews, each followed by a wait of several months, she decided

that someone was giving her the run-around. She found that many in-plant training courses had been started while she waited on the sidelines. And that many of her former classmates had completed training and were already working as observers.

At this point she decided that the time had come to fight. Certainly she had as much right to a job as any of the white girls who had been in school with her.

She told her story to a representative of the New York Regional Office of the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice, commonly known as the FEPC, the Federal agency that handles all such problems. An investigation started. The local Flying Forecast Bureau man said he hadn't hired her because she had appeared "nervous and fidgety" when he had first interviewed her. A new interview was arranged, and this time she was neither nervous nor fidgety, but very determined.

The Flying Forecast Bureau representative changed his story. Ruby Gordon was a fine young lady, but she didn't have the necessary "background."

FEPC checked with Civil Service. Of eighteen girls that had been hired in one group, fourteen had been only through high school, one had had a little meteorology in addition to the regular high school curriculum, and three had had from one to three years of college training.

Again the Flying Forecast Bureau's story changed. Wouldn't Ruby Gordon be much happier in a clerical capacity?

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Ruby Gordon gave the answer simply: No, she wouldn't.

Faced with the alternative of hiring a Negro girl as a Junior Observer on the one hand or being charged with violation of the President's Executive Order against discrimination on the other, the Flying Forecast Bureau's top-ranking personnel man left his desk in Washington and hurried to New York to look at Ruby Gordon. He talked to her at length in the FEPC office. After several hours' discussion he had not budged her firm resolve to work for him. Finally he called the local office; told them to take her on for training.

Ruby Gordon entered the government-sponsored course just one year and two months after she had seen the advertisement urging women to apply immediately. She is now working for the Flying Forecast Bureau in the field for which she trained. "But I wouldn't be," she told me recently, "except for FEPC."

Ruby Gordon's case is typical of the nearly 1,300 complaints satisfactorily adjusted during 1944 by the Fair Employment Practice Committee. By far the largest proportion of these—something like 80 per cent—involved employment discrimination against Negroes. The second largest segment—around 10 per cent—were filed by Jewish people who felt they had been treated unfairly because of their religion.

Recently a war plant advertised for a stenographer. When a qualified Jewish girl applied, she was told she could not be hired because the other girls in the office were Christians. The office was small and the woman in charge didn't want "anybody who wouldn't get along with the other girls."

When the Jewish applicant reported this case to the FEPC, a representative visited the company and made an investigation. He found that Jewish workers were

employed without conflict or difficulty throughout the plant—everywhere but in the office. The office consisted of a crowded back room housing four girls and their equipment. There was one vacant desk.

When asked why the Jewish girl couldn't work at the vacant desk, the office manager explained that the other girls were Christian and might object. The FEPC man went to each of the girls in turn and asked them: Would they?

Each said the same thing. What difference did it make, as long as the girl was "nice" and did her work?

The plant manager then was visited and asked how it happened that such a difficulty had arisen in the office but had not cropped up elsewhere in the shop. He answered frankly that although he was against discrimination and in full sympathy with Executive Order 9346, he felt that this applied to production workers only, and that somehow office employees were exempted. His error pointed out, before the day was through the Jewish girl was at the desk that had been vacant.

Another war plant—this one producing parts for Army aircraft—turned down a man with two years' experience as an aircraft welder for no apparent reason other than that his name was Andrew Goldberg. Mr. Goldberg spent two months trying to get himself employed, while the company advertised daily for welders. Finally he reported his experience to the FEPC.

The manager of the company was a bit disturbed to learn that there was a government agency to look into such a matter; so flustered, in fact, that he offered no defense. He hadn't hired the man because he was a Jew, and he admitted it. When it was pointed out to him that by his action he had not only violated his contract with the government, which stated specifically that he would not discriminate in hiring, but had also in a sense sabotaged the war effort by not running

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his plant at full capacity, he agreed immediately to hire Andrew Goldberg and any other qualified Jewish workers who could help him turn out the goods.

A comparatively small but relatively important number of complaints handled by the Fair Employment Practice Committee involve discrimination because of the national origin of a worker. Mexican Americans, Spanish Americans, and Italian Americans are the most frequent victims of this type of prejudice, but hardly any group is immune. Norwegians, for example, are traditionally fine shipbuilders, yet when an Anglo-Saxon management recently took over a shipyard formerly run by Norwegians, its first move was to discharge all the Norwegian personnel on the rather thin grounds that they might have relatives in Axis-occupied territory. An FEPC investigation, initiated upon the complaint of a discharged Norwegian worker, nipped this plan and saved for the war effort nearly a hundred good shipbuilders.

In the course of their daily routine, FEPC examiners must meet and overcome every conceivable type of prejudice—in industry, in labor unions, in agencies of the Federal government. Day after day they are told by employers that “Negroes are lazy,” that “Jews do slipshod work and grab for money,” that “Italians don’t really want to work; all they’re after is insurance money.” And day after day they combat these and other prejudicial attitudes with factual information gleaned from their own experience and that of employers who have found it profitable as well as practical to hire workers solely on the basis of their ability to produce.

For some employer arguments, they have developed stock answers. There is, for instance, the plant manager who states, “I hired a Negro once and he didn’t do good work.” That manager is told that obviously there are good and bad workers in every racial group, but the fact that

one Negro or one white worker is slipshod should not form the basis for condemning a whole group. Another plant manager will say, “A Jew wouldn’t be happy here.” He is asked to let the Jewish applicant decide for himself whether or not he likes the job or his co-workers. Still another will say, “Italians are gangsters; you can’t trust them.” He is given figures showing that all groups have prison records, but that newspaper publicity frequently distorts or exaggerates the picture.

Many employers still come out with, “Isn’t this still a free country? Why can’t I choose any worker I want?” His answer is that job discrimination violates the very basic tenet of freedom; that every worker has a right to be considered for employment if he meets requirements.

Few employers fail to respond to some form of reasoning. Usually these few try to place the blame elsewhere: their employees will walk out if Negroes are hired; a riot may result if Jews are placed on production work; the union will not take in anyone who comes from Axis territory. Such cases are disposed of directly by the seven-man Fair Employment Practice Committee appointed by the President, rather than by members of its field staff. A formal charge is issued, a hearing is held, directives are promulgated, and steps to enforce compliance are taken. In an extreme case, the President may be called upon to intervene; he did so in the Philadelphia Transit Company strike, where workers left their jobs when Negroes were made street-car operators, by calling out the Army to take over. Today Negroes operate street cars in this and many other cities without difficulty as a result of his decisive action.

For the most part, however, complaints are settled amicably in one of the Committee’s nine regional or four sub-regional offices. The regional offices are located in New York City, Philadelphia, Washing-

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ton, D.C., Cleveland, Chicago, Atlanta, Kansas City, Dallas, and San Francisco, while sub-offices are located in Detroit, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Los Angeles.

The problem ahead for the FEPC is a tremendous one, which it must handle successfully if the bloody race riots which followed the last world war are to be averted. Legislation that would put real "teeth" into its present powers is being guided through the House of Representatives and the Senate by bi-partisan sponsoring groups. These bills would extend the life of FEPC into the postwar period, give it authority over any industry engaged in interstate commerce or labor union having five or more members, and enable it to function in the same manner as other Federal administrative agencies, such as the National Labor Relations Board, the Federal Trade Commission, or the Securities and Exchange Commission. The FEPC would then be able to compel the employment or reinstatement of persons who it found had been discriminated against in the same way as the NLRB. Any person aggrieved by such action could take an appeal to the circuit court.

Of course there is tremendous opposition to these bills, both from those who view them with horror as a step toward "social equality" and from those who oppose any further government regulation of industry or labor. But there also is tremendous sentiment behind them, not only from Negroes, Jews, and other groups who have traditionally borne the brunt of employment discrimination, but also from labor and even management. Eric A. Johnston, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, was the author of the recent statement: "The with-

holding of jobs and business opportunities from some people does not make more jobs and business opportunities for others. Such a policy merely tends to drag down the whole economic level. You can't sell an electric refrigerator to a family that can't afford electricity. . . . True economic progress demands that the whole nation move forward at the same time. It demands that all artificial barriers erected by ignorance and intolerance be removed."

Before election, both political parties promised legislation that would make FEPC a part of our regular government machinery rather than merely a war agency, and many states already have taken steps toward enacting laws that would prohibit job discrimination.

But even if all these are passed, the need for effective public education, carried on both by public and private agencies, cannot be overlooked. It is still something of a new concept: that a man has a right to work. But it is a lesson that we all must learn if America is itself ever to become free of those very iniquities we have fought so hard against abroad.

Since graduation from Rutgers in 1933, Edward Lawson has worked continuously to open job opportunities for minority groups in such government agencies as the Work Projects Administration, the Department of Commerce, the Office of Production Management, the War Production Board, and the War Manpower Commission. For three years he was editor of *Opportunity*, official organ of the National Urban League. At present, Mr. Lawson is Director of the New York Regional Office of FEPC.

IT CAN BE DONE

ELFREIDA HARTT

AIN'T IT a fact," asked the foreman, "that when you get over 20 per cent Negroes in a business it means trouble? I read so just lately."

The personnel manager wanted details. "Where'd you read it? What kind of trouble?"

"Dunno just where I read it, but I did. It means trouble."

"I'll give you \$10," the personnel manager offered, "if you'll show me that in print."

Days passed. The source of the "fact" was not produced, and the foreman's statement faded into a mutter that he guessed he'd heard it someplace.

On another occasion another foreman mentioned, "We're gettin' a lot of colored folks in here, know it?"

Again the personnel manager wanted details. "Are they capable?"

"Oh, sure, sure."

"Get along with them? Had any trouble?"

"Oh, we get along ok. No trouble so far, no trouble at all."

"They're a hell of a lot better than the men they replaced, aren't they?"

"Yep, they are at that. I was just sayin' there was quite a lot, that's all, just happened to mention it."

Then there were one or two old-timers who didn't like the idea of colored people working with them. "Never been here before, have they?" was the grumbling complaint. One man said he wouldn't work beside a Negro. The vice-president explained the personnel policy and said if

the man still objected he could turn in his time card. About three o'clock the same afternoon he came back, said he'd changed his mind, and asked if there were any way they could get more colored men as good as the one just hired.

These incidents represent the total of expressed objection to the presence of Negroes as fellow workers, earning pay and promotion strictly in accordance with their individual abilities, at the Albany Castings Company, Voorheesville, about 14 miles west of Albany, New York.

Albany Castings is a small malleable iron foundry, working on 100 per cent war production. Malleable iron tops the list of urgently needed war materials. 87½ per cent of the foundry's stock is owned by Henry T. Blumenauer, Sr., president and general manager. His twin sons, Charles and Henry, Jr., are vice-president and personnel manager, respectively. About 190 men and women are employed.

"We're individualists, I guess," was Charles Blumenauer's half-humorous description of his family. "I call myself a liberal—hope I am, anyway. If I am, it's due to my parents and Dartmouth. We're Irish and German by descent. I'm a Catholic as my mother is, and my father is an Episcopalian. They set us a wonderful example of tolerance."

Henry T. Blumenauer, Sr., "Pop" to his sons and employees, is a gentleman with a kindly, disciplined face, intensely blue eyes, and a great deal of dignity. I suspect, from some tales told by his sons, that he has an incurably soft heart. In

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reply to my question whether the same harmonious relationships among employees could be achieved in a large plant, he said, "I know it can be done with a group of 600, because I've helped to do it; and I believe that any plant can be broken down into units of 600."

Three years ago the foundry employed no Negroes. None had applied. (The foundry itself had been idle for several years before the Blumenauers took it over about four years ago and rehabilitated it from the ground up. They call it "the house that junk built.") When the manpower situation tightened, they began advertising for workers and asked the War Manpower Commission for help. Negroes were among the applicants for jobs. Charles Blumenauer explains the outcome in this way:

"When a man applies for work here, if he has the qualifications, he's hired—we don't care what his color or race or religion is. At first we hired four Negroes. Now we have about 35."

"How have they worked out?"

"Swell! Some of our best, most reliable, and highest paid workers are colored. There's no difference between white and colored groups—you'll find first-rate men as well as dead wood in both. We have a good many workers of Polish descent and other backgrounds, too—Lithuanian, German, Italian, and other racial and religious stocks."

One way to invite trouble, according to Mr. Blumenauer, is to assume you're going to have it, and to provide separate lunch and rest rooms for white and colored employees. When I asked if the company provided homes for employees, he threw up his hands in disgust. "That's paternalism. We don't tell people where they have to live."

However, because employees have wished to move to Voorheesville, a small town with limited housing facilities, the

company has acquired one or two houses in the village and rented them to employees. There is a dormitory at the plant which accommodates single men until they are able to find rooms, and a house in the village has recently been acquired which will also be used as a dormitory. Of segregation in housing, Mr. Blumenauer had this to say: "For families living in apartments, there's not the slightest reason for it. We think we might run into trouble if we had colored and white single fellows bunking together in the same dormitory, because of course once in a while somebody is going to drink too much."

I went through the entire plant, saw the furnaces, like squat, malevolent dragons, snorting fire; watched the delicate care with which a fragile sand core was placed in a mold. I saw thousands of iron castings awaiting Navy inspection and shipment: a solid and visible evidence that here was part of the "arsenal of democracy"—fashioned by the strength and skill of Americans of widely differing races, creeds, and backgrounds.

At the coremakers' benches, handicapped men put in a full day's work at a normal job because it has been carefully arranged for physically handicapped workers. Women coremakers have a workroom of their own with a small radio. In charge of the small but completely up-to-date laboratory is a courageous Scot who, with the help of modern medicine, the Blumenauers' friendship, and his own indomitable spirit, has conquered an arthritic ailment that threatened to be fatal. He will soon take the special training necessary to become a first-rate metallurgical chemist.

Everywhere through the plant it was "Hi, Chuck," spoken with a lift to the voice and a light of welcome in the eyes. Greetings were exchanged in German with an elderly employee, alone in the world, who insists he will leave Chuck his

savings. "I tell him I have more money now than I know what to do with, which is a damn' lie," laughed Chuck. A young parolee nodded to us. A few steps farther and "Good mornings" were shouted in Polish over the squawks of the squeeze machines. "I used to have a Polish girl friend," was Chuck's grinning explanation of his linguistic versatility.

The cafeteria was as spotless as human passion for cleanliness can make a foundry eating place. Max and Freda, a German couple who have lived in the United States for six years, now preside over it. Max, round, apple-cheeked, smiling, with brown eyes bright with friendliness, might have stepped straight out of a German folk-tale. He and Freda speak a German dialect which is hard for a person familiar only with academic German to understand. When they first came, Charles puckishly warned them to speak only German to his father. The next time "Pop" came into the cafeteria, he met a torrent of incomprehensible German; and not sure whether Max was registering a complaint or merely asking what he wanted to eat, he cautiously answered "Ja" to everything. Result: a memorable chicken dinner!

The plant has an active labor-management committee. "I don't see how any business gets along without one," Mr. Blumenauer said. "You can't run a business without talking over problems from all sides, and we've had some invaluable suggestions from our committee." (The company pays up to \$100 for workable suggestions from employees.) Management is represented by four members, and the employees by ten elected every six months. One of the most active and helpful members is a Negro molder.

The Philadelphia strike was news at the time of my first visit. There was anxiety, disgust, and bewilderment in Charles Blumenauer's voice and words as he spoke

of it. "It makes me feel terrible to think that such things can happen. If people of different races and religions can't live and work together and respect each other, what are our men dying in France for?" This was no rhetorical, recruiting-poster question. There was passionate sincerity in his tone. I asked him if he thought the Fair Employment Practice Committee was necessary, and mentioned that some employers resented "being told by the government whom to hire."

"The government isn't telling them whom to hire. If they say that, they're ignorant of the Committee's purpose, and they'd better find out what it's all about."

(On November 30, Charles Blumenauer, Elwood McGann, a member of the labor-management committee at Albany Castings, and Raymond Saunders, a colored employee, went on the air on Station WABY, Albany, in a program sponsored by the Albany Council for Fair Employment Practices. On this broadcast, Mr. Blumenauer publicly stated his belief in the need for a permanent FEPC in order to establish lasting peace.)

The Saturday I was there was pay day, and late that afternoon I was invited to "Come on downstairs. We've got two kegs of beer for the men, and boy! do they deserve it!"

In the cafeteria where about 30 men, white and colored, were drinking beer, Henry, Jr., the personnel manager, slid behind the lunch counter and for the next half hour or so he and a colored boy served as bartenders. The men had a few beers, picked up their lunchboxes, and moved on, while more straggled in from the foundry. Some were freshly dressed and showered; others were still covered with sweat and foundry grime. The "customers" and "bartenders" kidded each other. There was no constraint and no disorder. "Here it is," I thought. "Here is simple human decency,

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casual and unselfconscious. Why must it be news? Why Detroit, Mobile, Philadelphia? Here they are, brown and white Americans, working, eating, talking together as equals, and nobody is mad, nobody is scared, nobody is asking the old, mindless questions. Why can't it be like this everywhere?"

Are there then no failures, no brave attempts that didn't work? Of course there are. There are parolees who get into trouble again; there is still a labor turnover, still absenteeism. Four Jamaican Negroes didn't work out because they refused to go out in the cold. In Charles Blumenauer's own words, "We still have a lot to learn about management. We're learning things every day, but we know this much already. When you treat everyone in the plant as a person, not black or white, employer or employee, but simply as a per-

son, it works. Our men and women know their standing has nothing to do with the color of their skins or the sign on their prayerbooks. The important thing is that these people have learned to respect each other as individuals. They respect each other's work and ability. What matters is how they do the job."

Albany Castings Company is not a finished product. As long as it operates, there will be not only new buildings, machinery, and laboratory equipment, but a continuing, creative growth of human understanding and mutual confidence.

Elfreida Hartt is of old-stock Dutch, French, Huguenot, Polish, and English ancestry. She is a member of the legislative sub-committee of the Albany Council for Fair Employment Practices.

AMERICAN FAMILIES

Here are a few of the myriad families that make up our United States. Represented here are Indian, Jewish, Irish, Japanese, English, Dutch, Negro, and German Americans.

THE EXODUS TRAIN

ARNA BONTEMPS AND
JACK CONROY

THE first black men in the American midlands—not counting a few who were brought in chains to work the salt mines—were fugitives and wanderers. They came thrashing the wilderness grass like frightened animals, and at night they cast their aching, exhausted bodies on the ground and slept. In the morning they rose up, filled their lungs with the free air of God's country and swore it was different from the air of bondage. The difference, they reasoned soberly, was exactly the difference between night and day. One doesn't have the same mind in the dark at night that he has in daylight. Things don't seem the same under the stars. The wisdom of the evening, like as not, will turn out to be the foolishness of the morning. And the things a man values in slavery may not appeal to him in freedom. The air made the difference. That's why folks always talked about going North and breathing the free air.

Many such folks came to Illinois. There they paused to get their bearings, and some stayed put, but others moved on again. In Chicago, a city once described by the Shawneetown Gazette as a perfect "sink hole of abolition" and the rival of Boston and Cincinnati in that respect, they boarded lake vessels and embarked on the last leg of the journey to Canada. A certain few, beguiled by stories of the West Coast, thumbed their noses at the frozen North and headed for California.

Of course those were the days of the bloodhound, the slave-catcher and the kidnapper. A spirited boy called "Young

Tom" had to wriggle a rope from his wrists and lash a pack of dogs till they whimpered before making good his escape. Brutal, shaggy-maned agents of the slave system invaded the North in pursuit of runaways and did more by their harsh, inhuman methods to crystallize sentiment against the South than did the passionate literature of the day. Racketeers, posing as agents, snatched up free men of color along with an occasional white who could not offer immediate "proof" of his whiteness and hustled all off to slavery together. But the stream of fugitives continued to pour out of the slave states.

After Emancipation the stream became a flood. Old "Pap" Singleton, calling himself the "Black Moses" of his people, led a host of "Exodusters" into a land sanctified by the memory of John Brown of Ossawatimie. The flood backed into Kansas City and St. Louis, rose like a tide in Ohio, Michigan, and the Indian Territory. It reached New York and Boston on the East Coast, San Francisco and Seattle on the West. But this was not a stream of fugitives and runaways. This was a migration of freedmen—new-born children setting out to make a new life in a new world.

The pre-Civil War migration of fugitives had followed the rivers, the steamboat lines and the wagon paths from south to north. With the railroads came lateral, east to west, migration. The couriers of this new movement were black firemen, dining car waiters, pullman porters. Young boys left home to run on the

road and never returned. "If I don't come back," some of them said, "I'll write you a letter." Many kept their promises, scribbling terse, illiterate notes inviting friends and relatives to come along and live like people. They observed in their quaint dispatches that *things* were better in Denver or Rochester than in Memphis or Birmingham. They did not mean working conditions when they said *things*. When they meant working conditions, they said working conditions. When they said *things*, they referred to the free air. Other boys, the bitter, disillusioned, poetic ones, packed their guitars with their change of shirts and announced to the world that they would go so far away from the South it would cost five dollars to send a post card home. Nobody need expect to hear from them.

Old people too tired to move, young ones who enjoyed a favor or two in the South, and others who were just plain scared to leave stayed at home, watched their friends slip away, and tried to understand the thing they saw before their eyes. The impulse to go, as it appeared to them, seemed to work like a fever. It had progressive symptoms. The first might be anger, disappointment, hope, or just a tendency to dream, but the second was always discontent and restlessness. Then eyes that swept the horizon. Finally, flight.

They noted, too, that white folks got mean when times were hard, that they usually jumped on the Negro when their own affairs were in a bad way. Sometimes the Negro jumped first. In the old days, during slavery, or later on share farms where freedom of action was denied, the one who planned to get away would shout, "Bird in the air!" When all faces turned heavenward to search the sky for a pair of wings, the Negro would dash for freedom. Before those most deeply concerned realized what was happening, he

would be on his way. So, hard times, then as now, pushed the colored man away from the South, and good times pulled him to the North. There was nothing to make one want to stay—never.

The biggest movements, however, occurred about once every twenty years. The Fugitive Slave law of 1850 brought to a peak the travel on the Underground Railroad. Freedom touched off the push of 1870. Another big one followed the Chicago World's Fair of '93. A huge one paralleled the First World War, and still another began with the Second. No one has measured or charted these migrations of Negroes from the South too accurately. The movements have not generally been recognized as migrations till they are well under way or perhaps tapering off. Yet the results of the movements have been neither vague nor mysterious.

The Great Migration of the First World War period reached flood tide in 1917. The Chicago Tribune reported on March 4, 1917, that 2,000 or more Negroes from Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, and Georgia had arrived in the city during the preceding two days, and that 10,000 more were expected before the first of April. The war had cut off the supply of European immigrant labor; southern agriculture had been devastated by the boll weevil and unprecedented storms and floods. Northern factories needed laborers, and the southern Negroes needed work. Labor agents appeared with enticing offers of wages, doubling and even trebling the local scale. Though the agents were jailed, flogged, and warned to get out of the South, their number did not diminish. Negroes, skilled in concealing information they did not want to reveal, never betrayed the emissaries from the "Promise Land." One would walk along a crowded city street, pass by a likely looking prospect standing on a corner, and

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mutter without slackening his pace, "I need 50 good men for Chicago, all expenses paid." Indicating a place of rendezvous, he'd walk on. Many didn't need the urging of labor agents. It was in the air—a vague but terrific yearning to be across the Ohio River, which the migrants soon referred to as the River Jordan.

The Chicago Defender, most energetic among the northern Negro papers as purveyor of the good tidings, published articles and hortatory poems inviting immigrants north. So effective was its propaganda in the South that possession of a copy of the paper was sometimes grounds for imprisonment.

Its Birmingham correspondent wrote early in February, 1917: "The members of the Race in this section of the country are away ahead of the leaders who are just now considering the advisability of going north to better their conditions. The leaders among the churches, ministers, and bishops are telling the cause for leaving, but they are too late. Thousands have left for the North and thousands are still leaving and a million will leave with the Great Northern Drive on May 15, 1917. The maltreatment of the whites toward members of our Race is the sole cause of the exodus."

At the same time the paper urged from Chicago: "The Defender invites all to come north. Plenty of work. For those who will not work, the jails will take care of you. When you have served your 90 days at hard labor, you will then learn how to work. Anywhere in God's country is better than the southland. Don't let the crackers fool you. Cast the yoke from around your neck. See the light; when you have crossed the Ohio River, breathe the fresh air and say, 'Why didn't I come before?'"

The legend of the Great Northern Drive spread rapidly months before the appointed date, May 15, 1917. The Sa-

vannah correspondent of the Defender wrote in February: "The word has been passed along from father to son, from mother to daughter, brother to brother and sister to sister, prepare for the day is coming. This spring a general movement will be started northward by millions of members of the Race from all over the South. It is expected before that time, however, that thousands will have left despite the fact that many educated men of the Race who have hid behind the cloak of school teachers and ministers of the gospel aided by the publicity to their acts given them by the white press, have tried to scare them with the cold weather gag."

The Birmingham staff correspondent noted on March 10: "The Great Northern Drive spoken of by the Chicago Defender is taking place long before the time set by the paper. They are leaving here by the thousands. The Birmingham Age-Herald is trying to make light of so many leaving but they seem to have the Defender tonic in their system and are heading north."

Letters requesting information about the Great Northern Drive flooded the Defender office for months, as well as that of the Chicago Urban League, the organization to which the paper usually referred prospective migrants inquiring about employment. Anxiety and desperation pervaded most of them. One from New Orleans read: "I reads your paper and I am asking about the drive of May the 15. We want more understanding about it for there is a great many of us that wants to come and the depot agent never gives us any satisfaction when we ask for they don't want us to leave. Please put in your paper Saturday, just what time the train will be here, and the fare so we can be there on time. Many women are wanting to come. They are hard working women, the white folks tell us we have to have plenty of money to come north, if this is

right let us know, also let us know, where the train is going to stop."

Often it was planned that the breadwinner go first to the "Promise Land." "I was reading in your paper about the colored race," wrote a Mobile woman, "and I seen in it where cars would be here for the 15th of May. Will you be so kind as to let me know where they are going to stop so my husband and children can get on. We have been living in this hole for years, and with a family we can hardly live. My husband can leave first and then we can come later when he gets a good job. If the cars are not going to stop here let me know and my husband will meet the cars where ever you say. Let me know at once so he can get ready." A New Orleans woman wrote: "Please sir, will you kindly tell me what is meant by the Great Northern Drive to take place May 15, on Tuesday. It is a rumor all over town to be ready for the 15th of May to go in the drive. The paper said the first drive was to be the 10th of February. My husband is in the north already preparing for the family but hearing that the excursion will be \$6.00 from here north and having a large family I could profit by it if it is true. Do please write at once and tell me of this excursion to leave the south. Nearly the whole of the south is ready for the drive. Please write at once. We are sick to get out of the south."

The exodus was helped along by such poems as "Farewell—We're Good and Gone," by W. E. Dancer, some of whose stanzas ran:

*We nursed you south once, while you
fought,
Ter keep us bound in chains,
We stood your whip an' patarolls
And worked while racked with pains;
We ate you ash cakes, peas and milk,
While you ate toast and broth;
But thank de Lord de time has come*

*We'll help you cut dis cloth;
You've had a chance ter treat us right,
But no, you went rite on
And classed us wid the lower brutes,
And now we're good and gone.*

*It's not to mix up wid you folks,
We nachly love our own,
And can live always side by side,
An' leave de rest alone;
But, let us feel dat we are free,
To work, an' walk an' talk;
An' vote, an' ride jest where we please,
An' we will never balk;
But us done tried you up an' down
An' been struck by your thorn,
So now you do the best you ken:
Fer we're good and gone.*

William Crosse contributed "The Land of Hope" and sang:

*Yes, we are going to the north!
I don't care to what state,
Just so I cross the Dixon Line,
From this southern land of hate,
Lynched and burned and shot and hung,
And not a word is said.
No law whatever to protect—
It's just a 'nigger' dead.*

"Farewell—We're Good and Gone," "Bound for the Promise Land," and "Bound to the Land of Hope" were slogans often chalked on the sides of special trains carrying exodusters. In many instances, local authorities tried to divert or halt the emigrants. The Defender, after reporting the addition in Memphis of two eighty-foot steel coaches to the Chicago train in order to accommodate exodusters, printed the text of a telegram just dispatched: THIS IS TO NOTIFY BRAVE CHIEF OF POLICE PERRY THAT THE CHICAGO DEFENDER HAS MORE THAN 10,000 SUBSCRIBERS IN THE CITY OF MEMPHIS WHO GET THEIR PAPERS DIRECT THROUGH THE UNITED STATES MAIL, AND TO ACCOMPLISH

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HIS PURPOSE OF PREVENTING RACE MEN AND WOMEN FROM READING THE DEFENDER, WE WOULD SUGGEST THAT HE HAVE HIS ENTIRE POLICE FORCE ARREST EVERY MAIL CARRIER LEAVING THE MEMPHIS POST OFFICE ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 1, 1917.

Even those labor agents who had succeeded in getting their charges aboard an exodus train sometimes encountered the opposition of southern industrial and agricultural interests as expressed through the law-enforcing agencies. This letter from Brookhaven, Mississippi, indicates that such expedients were but puny obstacles to the mighty torrent of the Great Northern Drive. The will to quit the South was irresistible:

"Following a continual exodus of members of the Race from this section of the country by labor agents, the police spurred by the continual wail from the lumber mills of their losing all the help, arrested a white man by the name of Kelly on the arrival of a north bound train. At the time of his arrest Kelly was in charge of two carloads of laborers on their way to Bloomington, Illinois. After the arrest of Kelly the police made the trainmen switch the two cars on a side-track and there the occupants spent the night. An account of the men in the coaches shows there were 125 in all. The word having passed around, some 100 more crowded the station seeking to go north. The police used more brutal force to disperse them. The sawmills, railroads, and other concerns are badly in need of laborers. Every member of the Race that can leave for the north has gone. One section gang left their tools on the spot, not stopping to get their pay."

A mighty avalanche continued to move northward. A letter from Mobile, Alabama, read: "We have a club of 108 good men who wants work we are willing to go north or west but we are not able to pay railroad fare. Can you help us to

come, or get us work we will pay you out of our salary or you can take it yourself. Hope to hear from you at once."

This letter came from Rome, Georgia: "I've just read your ad in the Defender on getting employment. So I will now ask you to do the best for me. . . . I am not a tramp by any means I am high class churchman and business man. I am the Daddy of the Transfer Business in this city, and carried it for ten years. Seven years ago I sold out to a white concern. I prefer a job in a Retail Furniture store if I can be placed, I'll now name a few things that I can do. Viz, I can repairing and Finish furniture I am an expert packer and Crater of furniture I pack China cut glass and silver war. I can enamel grain and paint furniture, and repair violins guitar and mandolins, and I am a first class Umbrella-man. I can do anything that can be done to a Umbrella and parasol. I can manage a Transfer business. I know all about shipping H. H. Goods & Furniture, and can make out bills of Lading and Write Tags for the same. If you can place me in any one of these trades it will be O. K."

The desire for better educational facilities, either for themselves or for their children, actuated the writers of many letters. One from West Palm Beach, Florida, read: "While reading the Defender I saw where you needed laborers in Chicago. I have children and I lost my wife a few years ago. I would like to properly educate them. I am a barber by trade, and have been barbering for twenty years. I have saved enough for our fare. If I could make more money in Chicago, I will come there where they can get a good education. I am a church man and don't drink whiskey." A resident of the same city wrote: "I saw your advertisement in the Defender for laborers. I am a young man and want to finish school. I want to look out for me a job working mornings or evenings. I

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would like to get a job in a private family so I could continue taking piano lessons. I can do everything around the house, but drive and can learn that quick. Send me the name of the best high school in Chicago. How is the Wendell Phillips College. I have finished the grammar school. I can not come before the middle of June."

This letter came from Alexandria, Louisiana: "I am planning on leaving this place about May 11, for Chicago and wants to know everything about the town. My job for the past eight years was with the Armour Packing Co., of this place. I know all about the office and what goes on in a packing company. I am doing the smoking in this company now. I am 36 years old and have a wife and two children. I have been here all my life and would like to go somewhere I could educate my children so they could be of service to themselves when they gets older, and I can't do it here. I will pay you for your trouble if you can get me a job with any of the big packing companies there, if not I will accept any job you can get."

There were hundreds of responses to such advertisements as these printed in a single issue of the Defender:

\$3.60 Per Day

Can be made in a Steel Foundry in Minnesota by healthy, steady men. Open only to men living in Chicago.

Apply at the Chicago Urban League

—Chicago League—

Urban Conditions Among Negroes

3303 S. State St. Chicago, Illinois

Wanted

25 Young Men as Bus Boys and Porters
Salary \$8.00 a Week and Board
John R. Thompson Restaurant
314 South State St.
(Call between 7 and 8 A.M. Ask for Mr. Brown)

Wanted

25 Girls for Dish Washing
Salary

\$7.00 a Week and Board

Apply—John R. Thompson Restaurants
314 South State Street (Call between
7 and 8 A.M. Ask for Mr. Brown)

Wanted

2 Young Men—6243 Halsted Street and
1581 Milwaukee Ave.

Salary \$8.00 and meals

THOMPSON

Wanted

10 Moulders—Must be experienced,
\$4.40 to \$5.50 per day

Write—B. F. R. Defender Office,
Chicago, Illinois

Professional and business men often followed or accompanied their departing clients. Many preachers led their entire flocks North and established their churches anew, usually in vacant store rooms. A Defender reporter interviewed Rev. R. H. Harmon, who had arrived with his wife and 28 members of his congregation in a carload of exodusters from Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and other southern points. Rev. Harmon said: "I am working at my trade. I have saved enough to bring my wife and four children and some of my congregation. We are here for keeps. They say that we are fools to leave the warm country, and how our people are dying in the east. Well, I for one am glad that they had the privilege of dying natural death there. That is much better than the rope and torch. I will take my chance with the northern winter." Most of the preachers toiled each week day at some other job, putting aside their work clothes to occupy the pulpit on Sundays or for "prayer meetings" and other occasions, such as protracted "revival" services held nightly.

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The Defender maintained its role as the friend and adviser of the exodusters after they had settled in the city. After discussing desirable objectives and outlining the civil rights to be demanded in the North, one columnist, "Wise Old Owl," writing in March, 1917, concluded: "But it must be remembered that these rights are not to be abused and the rules governing them are the same for white and members of the Race alike. Be clean, ladies and gentlemen; water is cheap and deportment should be a discount; avoid loud talking, and boisterous laughter on street cars and in public places; keep away from the buffet flats like you duck a small-pox sign; help starve out the gypsy fortune-teller—they are conducting an illegal practice and there is a gang of them every day in the police courts for thieving, and don't show your ignorance by entrusting your money with anybody without a proper receipt for same, and then only with responsible people. In thinking all this over and while praising the Lord for your deliverance from the bloody zone in the south where the lynch-billies are supreme, remember and deal only with your own race and shop where A MEMBER OF THE RACE IS EMPLOYED. If you do these things you will be doing yourself and your people an inestimable good."

An item published a few weeks later struck a grim note: "The Chicago Defender wishes to impress firmly upon the minds of the newcomers to carry an identification card in their pockets all the time. If you are a newcomer and your family are still in the south, carry their name and address and your nearest relative's name on you at all times. In case of accident we may be able to notify them. Twenty deaths and accidents occurred last month and the bodies of these persons are still at the County Morgue, unidentified."

In May the paper found it necessary to repeat some of the advice offered by

"Wise Old Owl": "Laboring men who have been placed at shops and factories are urged to appear on the street cars and in public places in clean decent clothes. They can leave their working clothes where they work, and put on better ones when they leave. In the north a man is usually judged by his clothes he wears, how clean they are, and they have cars and elevated roads to keep themselves clean going to and from work. It is different here in the north. In the south they don't care how they dress, here they dress, here they make it a practice to look as well in the week as they do on Sunday. We have seen a number of southern women wearing boudoir caps. They don't seem to know when to wear them. Don't wear them on the street and on the cars. They are to be worn in the house with a kimono. . . . Also wear your kimonos in the house."

The Defender warned against "scheming preachers and labor agents getting rich off newcomers," the latter "charging them a dollar a month for the entire year." That fee, the paper said, was "outrageous" and asserted that "half of those sent do not know anything about the work or what they are going for, and consequently there is a breach between labor and the employer, who is dissatisfied with his new laborers and gets a grudge against all members of the Race." The Defender also condemned "scheming preachers through this section of the country and the east, who for 50 cents and a dollar find one a job. You go to the place and they want no labor, but your money is gone." Censure was directed at twenty men who had declined "to leave the 'bright lights' of the city and 'State Street'" to accept out-of-town jobs procured for them by the Urban League. Though it stoutly championed the cause of "the hard-working man, the steady fellow with a family, who has come north to

be able to associate with the whites on an equal basis," the paper was not inclined to coddle idlers. In one issue it complained: "With conditions more promising than at any time in the history of the city, a Defender reporter found many loafers hanging around the pool rooms near 31st and 35th on State Street. When asked if they wanted work, they shook their heads in the negative. The bright lights are attracting them strongly. They care not how they live or where they stay. It is only a question of time before these people, poorly clad, without proper food, will succumb to the white plague. In addition to the foregoing there is another class that depends on gambling for a living, and they imbibe too freely of whiskey. The police are gradually cleaning up this sort, and the judges are getting severe. This class we do not want here, and the better element of the city will do all they can to see that those who do not behave themselves will be handled by the proper authorities."

Though the Defender urged courtesy and respect for the rights of others, it did not advocate servility. Working men were admonished: "Quit calling the foreman 'boss.' Leave that word dropped in the Ohio River. Also captain, general, and major. We call people up here, Mister This and Mister That. When your payday comes, take it home. Depend on your work to keep you in a job and not the dollar or two you have been used to slipping the foreman. Cut that out. If you are working for \$18.00 keep it. Your employer pays the foreman much more than you, and if he has got to graft let him go to the employer. If you can't stay because you don't pay, quit and go somewhere else, or go in person to your employer and complain. When you get among white workmen, treat them as you want them to treat you—AS A MAN—not as his inferior. Keep your hand off your hat when

you pass men in and around the shop or plant. There is no law that requires you to tip your hat to a man because he is white."

The South missed the exodusters, and sought to restrain them first by blandishments and minor concessions, and then, if necessary, by force. The perpetual debt under which most southern Negroes (particularly those in the rural sections) struggled was a convenient weapon, as were unpaid fines for minor offenses. Moving to the North, perforce, was construed as evasion of such obligations and consequently a criminal offense. Even in the North, the refugees were not always safe, for Dixie employers and planters honing for the services of fleeing bondsmen were quick to take advantage of the extradition laws. The Defender reported a typical case: "Southern kidnappers made a bold and successful raid on Chicago citizenship Saturday when in broad daylight a sheriff from Mississippi went to the railroad yards at 18th St., and with the help of Chicago police 'captured' a man named James Halley, and in less than two hours had this man handcuffed and on a train bound for Holly Springs, Miss., to stand trial for selling a pint of whiskey, made a penitentiary offense for the purpose of establishing a new form of slavery in the south and setting forth a complicated condition of affairs in the state which the Race has started to fight in order to protect its own citizens from illegal kidnapping."

Attorney Ferdinand L. Barnett interested himself in these kidnappings, ordinarily effected with the assistance of Chicago police. Another exoduster was saved from extradition on the charge of having "insulted a white woman in Memphis" when his wife summoned Barnett in time for the attorney to procure a writ of habeas corpus. The southern officers prudently refrained from pressing their charges in court, and departed without their intend-

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ed victim. One hard-working migrant was astonished when a detective from Atlanta approached him and informed him that he was wanted back home for "spitting on the sidewalk."

The Defender ran this notice: "Attention New Comers: IF THE POLICE ATTEMPT TO MOLEST YOU AND YOU ARE NOT GUILTY, OR IF YOU GET IN TROUBLE, SEND FOR ONE OF THE FOLLOWING LAWYERS—F. L. Barnett, 184 W. Washington Street; Ellis and Westbrooke, 300 South State Street."

The Chicago Urban League made the housing and employment problems of Negro migrants its chief concern, and its South Wabash Avenue headquarters became a rock in a weary land to the perplexed outlander. The League fought vigorously (and with some measure of success) to open doors to jobs hitherto closed to Negroes. It took cognizance of grievances arising from discrimination in places of employment and made an effort to adjust them. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People offered legal assistance to migrants whose civil rights had been abused.

Though they had been glad to escape from oppression, nostalgia for the more pleasant associations of the homeland assailed the exiles. Homesick for familiar speech, faces, and scenes, they banded themselves into social and fraternal clubs named for the states and localities from which they had emigrated. There were the Alabama Club, the Mississippi Club, the Vicksburg Club, the Louisiana Club, the Arkansas Club, etc. An establishment on State Street bore the cumbersome but expressive name of "The Florida East Coast Shine Parlor," while the "Carolina Sea Island Candy Store" opened its doors for business on Wabash Avenue.

Storefront churches, too, helped in the readjustment process. These sprang to life

in abandoned or condemned buildings formerly housing retail shops such as groceries and dry goods stores. The established places of worship maintained their formalities of dress and conduct, but no such rules circumscribed the storefront congregation. The preacher usually worked somewhere during the day, and sometimes lived in the rear of the long room furnished with crude benches and a goods crate altar. Front windows were rudely painted in imitation of the stained glass windows of more pretentious edifices.

But the most important thing about the storefront was that everybody participated. Untrained but powerful voices joined in hymns sung in such an unorthodox manner that they gave rise to a whole new body of gospel music. The preacher might be illiterate, but he spoke a homely, straight-from-the-shoulder language understood by all. The names of the storefront churches were as picturesque as their services—Willing Workers Spiritualist, Israel of God, Canaan's Pilgrims, Spiritual Love Circle, Blessed St. Martin, Peter's Rock Baptist, Prophetic Spiritual, Purple Rose Mystical Temple, Crossroads to Happiness, Followers of Exodus, Church of Lost Souls.

Whatever might befall them, few of the exodusters even contemplated a return to the South. Sparrell Scott wrote for the Defender:

WHEN I RETURN TO THE SOUTHLAND IT WILL BE

*When lions eat grass like oxen
And an angleworm swallows a whale,
And a terrapin knits a woolen sock,
And a hare is outrun by a snail.*

*When serpents walk like men,
And doodle-bugs leap like frogs,
When grasshoppers feed on hens,
And feathers grow on hogs. . . .*

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When ideas grow on trees,
And wool on cast iron rams,
I may then return to the South,
But I'll travel then in a box.

One woman wound up a glowing description of her new life with "... and guess what—I've got a bathtub!" A churchwoman who had heeded the call of the "Promise Land" sent back this report to her church sisters: "My dear Sisters: I was agreeably surprised to hear from you and to hear from home. I am well and thankful to be in a city with no lynching and no beating. The weather was a great surprise to me. I got here just in time for one of the greatest revivals in the history of my life—over 500 joined the church. We had a holy ghost shower. You know I like to run wild at the services—it snows here and even the churches are crowded and we had to stand up last night. The people are rushing here by the thousands, and I know that if you come here and rent a big house you can get all the roomers you want. I am not keeping house yet I am living with my brother. I can get you a nice place to live until you get your own house. The houses are so pretty, we has a nice place. I am very busy I work in the Swift Packing Co., in the sausage department. My daughter and I work at the same place. We get 1.50 a day, and the hours are not so long, before you know it, it is time to go home. I am so thankful the Lord has been so good to me. Work is plenty here, and we don't loaf—we are glad to work. Remember me to Mrs. C. and T. and tell all the children I am praying for them. Hurry up and come to Chicago it is wonderful. I hope I see your face before I die.

"Pray for me I am heaven bound. Let me know if you are coming soon as I will meet you at the railroad and bring you to my house, and what a good time we will have thanking God and going to church."

Yes, it was in the air, a terrific yearning to be across the Ohio River. There was no stopping the pilgrims bound for the "Promise Land."

This is an excerpt from *They Seek a City*, by Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy, a study of Negro migration in the United States, scheduled for May publication by Doubleday, Doran.

Mr. Bontemps is Librarian at Fisk University. He is the author of several juveniles, and in the adult field he has written three novels: *Drums at Dusk*, *Black Thunder*, and *God Sends Sunday*, a dramatization of which is in preparation for Broadway production.

Mr. Conroy is the author of the important social novel of the depression era, *The Disinherited*, and other books. As editor of *The Anvil* and *The New Anvil*, Mr. Conroy discovered and published for the first time writers like Richard Wright and Erskine Caldwell. Mr. Conroy's Guggenheim Fellowship in 1935 was given for a study of southern rural folk drawn to the industrial centers of the North. Mr. Bontemps was in charge of a study of the Negro in Illinois, sponsored by the Julius Rosenwald Fund. He and Mr. Conroy began to pool their notes and then collaborated in the writing of *They Seek a City*, which draws on both these sources.

Students of immigration, and foreign-born readers of *COMMON GROUND* will be struck by the similarity of the Negro migration here described to the great folk movement from Europe to America in the last century. Here as there, were much the same animating causes: oppression and restlessness, "America letters" and "America fever," the labor agents and the immigration literature, even the same symbols of hope—the "Land of Canaan" and the "Promised Land."

AFTERNOON ON A ROCK

D'ARCY McNICKLE

THE INDIANS of the Hopi village of Hotevilla asked some questions which were hard to answer. The longer they were reflected on, the harder they were to answer—innocent seeming questions which sprang upon you in the dark of the night.

You will need to know something about the village of Hotevilla to appreciate the questions. At least you will need to know the special thing about Hotevilla which sets that village apart even in the extraordinary Hopi world. I shall not attempt to give all the details—that would presume on your time. And, in any case, I do not know all the details. Probably no one does. It is a vast history for one small village of less than 500 souls—a history that goes back to a time when mountains moved about and men looked at monsters without marveling.

Hotevilla itself is not so old, as Hopi time is measured. A matter of forty years only. It fissured away from Oraibi, a much older village, as a boulder might fissure away from the brow of the mesa. The process of the splitting away was much the same process as would work upon rock, a matter of internal faulting and structural convulsion, consuming years. You must understand that Hopi life has something of the quality of rock. It has that solidity. But like rock it yields to the forces which are in grains of sand and drops of water, those microcosms of thundering energy.

If you are not clear as to the general location of the Hopi Indians, look to a map of Arizona, toward the corner where

the Little Colorado runs into the Colorado River. You will see a vast blank space with some few uncertain water courses suggested and names such as appear nowhere else on the map: Moenkopi, Kaibito, Dinnebito, Shungopavy. That is the general area. Then look at your right hand, fingers outstretched, palm down. The thumb will be Antelope Mesa, on which Hopi villages existed in the past but do not now; the first three fingers will represent the three inhabited mesas of our day, and the little finger will point off to the outlying Hopi settlement at Moenkopi. Hotevilla lies on Third Mesa, which will be the third finger, to the west. The back of the hand will then represent Black Mesa, which runs northward into the cataclysmic country of the Colorado River above Boulder Dam.

Traveling the road which runs below these mesas, you look up and first you have the impression that the rocks were piled there deliberately, fitted together. Not with the idea of building anything, but merely because someone had an overweening sense of order and insisted on putting things together. Then you look more closely for the houses which you know are there, but until you learn where to look and what to look for, you seem to see only more rock.

Afterwards, when you ascend the mesa by a road which even as you drive it seems not to be there, you realize why the houses were hard to see from below. They are built of the rock of the mesa, and in effect they are the mesa squared up into rooms.

Then you look below and to the horizon and to the sky. You become—this is difficult to say and you must experience it to be sure of it—you become like a photographic plate which registers impressions without power to do anything about the impressions; except that in your registering apparatus you feel a turmoil coming on and you feel that you have to say something to somebody, if you only knew what and to whom. The Indians who live next to that earth and sky rarely speak of it, and you understand why; or they speak of it in simple, overpowering language, and you understand that, too. They live there as an atom lives within the molecule of which it is a component part, holding the whole together in a kind of iron grip, and yet themselves held captive by forces which they neither oppose nor seek to usurp.

These suggestions are set down here to help you understand better that quality of mind and spirit which is Hopi. Men and rocks and sand and sky and desert weed react upon each other, in the Hopi belief. Where one is marred, man or rock, the other bears the scar. Where one is fed by the other, man or sky, there a debt is incurred which must be tallied. This much all the Hopi people have in common. And from this starting place, the people at Hotevilla, or at least the leaders at Hotevilla, travel alone into a country of sultry remoteness.

Some bare details of the history of this village are essential. The Hopi Indians, who numbered perhaps 10,000 at the time of Coronado (1540), have never been at ease with white men. In fact, they give one the impression of not being at ease with any people other than their own—and they are critical of their own. That is slander, of course, with a grain of truth. There have been many peoples in the history of the world who have thought of themselves as "The Chosen," upon whose

strength of virtue rested the safety of all mankind. The Hopis believe this so implicitly they deem it unnecessary to assert it; certainly they would not exert themselves to convince anyone of it; they wait confidently for the world to discover, as it must, that it has moved these many ages in the outer marches of their domain, and to acknowledge its indebtedness.

Some individuals who have looked at the Hopis and caught this glimpse of their character and outlook have been irritated, or they have been scornful. Occasionally, a Government agent, missionary, or well-meaning citizen, experiencing this irritation and registering this scorn, has tried to wrench the Hopis into a consciousness of their true place in the scheme of things.

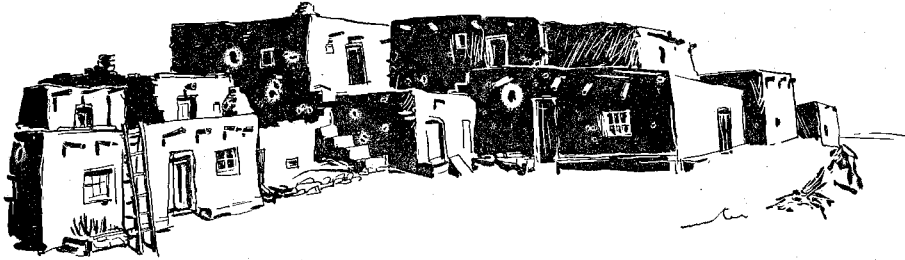
The Spaniards were the first who tried to whittle the Hopis down to size. The Hopis responded by doing something which they have never done since and probably had never done before; they joined their several villages together as one tribe and even confederated with the other pueblos. This was in the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, when the Hopi villages and Rio Grande pueblos struck as one man and burned and slaughtered (the Hopis make a point of telling you today that they used poison) until there wasn't a Spaniard left in New Mexico.

It is not simply that the Hopis consider themselves a special people charged with the safety of the world. They set themselves apart in a truly unique way. Their name means "Peaceful People," and through all their history (with one or two explosive and extenuating exceptions) they have lived to achieve peace. It is not to be understood from this that they have sought to entomb themselves in silence and inaction; rather, their seeking after peace has been a matter of seeking a juggler's equilibrium within fields of stress. They scorn policing and regimentation and insist on every man having the right

to break every rule in the book (and letting him live with his conscience and public opinion afterwards). This makes for a kind of tough-mindedness that delights in moral debates which may go on for days and months and years.

It is this trait which made possible the famous incident of forty years ago, when Hotevilla was born. Oraibi, the parent of Hotevilla, sits atop the rocks of Third

rebellion of 1680, Oraibi seems to have taken the lead in destroying its inhabitants and leveling the pueblo to the ground. Today the site of Awatobi is still a place accursed. In 1778-1780 there was a severe crop failure followed by a famine so intense that some Oraibians were driven to seek help from the Spaniards, but even while they fell dead with hunger, one faction scorned a compromise.



Mesa. It has been there, according to evidence, since at least 1150 A.D., the oldest continuously occupied town in the United States. In 1782 it was the "largest and best arranged" of the Hopi villages, according to Spanish chroniclers, and in 1906 it still had this distinction. It would be difficult now to go back and say whether, from of old, Oraibi was always the most obdurate in its refusal to accept the white man and his innovating ways, or whether the Oraibians were luckless in the treatment they received at the hands of white men and so passed on a hatred and a suspicion which became fashioned into their statecraft and their child training. For how many generations did Rome nurture its hatred of Carthage before it came at last to sow the Tunisian plain with salt?

Oraibi had its provocations. There is a record of one of its men being beaten by a Spanish priest until his flesh was in ribbons, and then daubed with hot turpentine. That was in 1655. When Awatobi, the Hopi village which lay on Antelope Mesa, received the priests back after the

This pattern of unyielding conservatism—if that be all it amounts to!—comes down into modern times. When Americans visited the Hopis in 1834, their first act was to plunder some gardens. When the Indians protested, the intruders, a small party of trappers, fired into them and killed some 15 or 20. A Government Agency was established among the Hopis in 1870 and the first agent reported that he was cordially received by all except the "Oreybes," who were blunt in saying that "they did not wish to have anything to do with the Government." They refused to permit the agent to make a census.

So much for the beginnings of the special stratum of obduracy which underlies our Hotevilla. Now we come to the modern phase.

About 1880, the village chief of Oraibi, Lololoma, tried to change the temper of his people by accepting the Government as his friend, evidently with the thought of securing protection against the encroaching Navaho Indians. In token of his conversion (after a trip to Washing-

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ton), he agreed to accept schooling for the Hopi children and Christian missions. Out of this action came years of accelerating emotional tension, ending at last in the explosion of 1906.

Lololoma's party became known as "The Friendlies" for his willingness to deal with the Government; his opposition then was dubbed "The Hostiles." These terms were used unblushingly in Government correspondence for a number of years. The village was split right through the middle, through clan and ceremonial structures. Each side could quote, and did, Hopi mythology to prove the impregnability of its position. The years up to 1906 were lived in turmoil. Established authority (in the village) was flouted. Threats were exchanged. Visiting white functionaries were insulted. When a surveying party was sent out by the Government to run lines for the purpose of dividing the land into individual allotments, the "Hostiles" pulled up the iron stakes. The Army was called out.

Life had grown so intolerable by the late summer of 1906 that only a trial by force could resolve it. As the fateful moment drew close and both sides, in night meetings, prepared for the clash, voices were raised reminding the loudest haranguers that they were "not to hurt anyone"; they were not to spill blood; they were to keep their tempers. Thus the iron of custom spoke to the heat of emotion.

On the morning of September 7, the opposing groups met in the plaza and there followed several hours of milling around, in which individual opponents met and each tried to throw the other out of the village. They were getting nowhere, because as fast as one was thrown out of a house or out of the plaza, he returned to grapple again. No heads were broken. No blood was spilled. But anger flared higher.

In the desperate moment, as the contending parties came to the point where it seemed that only violence would carry the day, they hit upon an extraordinary idea. A line was drawn across the dust of the plaza. The rival parties agreed to place themselves on opposite sides of the line. At a signal, they would begin to push. The side that got pushed away from the dividing line would have to yield.

They set to. The mass of pushing, sweating, grunting men (about 200 to a side) swayed up to the line and away from it. Back and forth. The leaders bearing the brunt of the tremendous pressures were nearly crushed. A decision came at last. The Hostiles were literally pushed out of Oraibi!

Thus was born Hotevilla. The hard core of intransigence became the latest Hopi settlement. The Government agent, sitting down at Keams Canyon thirty miles away, must have murmured to his letterpress: "A most inauspicious beginning!"

Nearly forty years have passed since those days of crisis and there has been no subsidence of passion. Not at Hotevilla. Nor is there reason to expect there ever will be. There is not time here and now to look about over the other Hopi villages and to hazard a guess as to how it is that they have fulfilled the promise of their name without making so desperate a business of it. I mean only to say that the pattern was a long time forming at Hotevilla and now that it is formed it will likely endure. There they will juggle their hatreds and their recriminations to the end of time, and somehow snatch their prize of Hopi peacefulness at the last moment, as one might reach into a burning building to rescue a treasure at the very instant when the roof is about to cave in. Having made the rescue, they will lay their faggots under the very next house they build. And they will not smile through any part of it.

So we came to Hotevilla last summer with the thought of clearing away some of the accumulation of past doubts and fears and misunderstandings. And that was when the questions were asked. Innocent questions with an edge of malice.

It was a meeting of forty to fifty adult men, with one man talking for the group. This man had left his fields in his work clothes, and to dignify the occasion he had slipped on a pair of new store trousers over his dungarees. The afternoon wore to evening while he talked, and the dry heat of day became tipped with coolness. Below the mesa the heavier air lay in visible strata above which rock pinnacles floated in a spell of breathlessness.

"Why do you put us in jail?" He was not a large man, though he was heavy in the chest and broad of face and these features gave the effect of a man of strength and weight. His voice was never cantankerous, however insistent his argument. The question had reference to two occurrences of recent days: his followers were being sent to jail, after arrests and hearings, rather than register in the national draft, and they were even refusing to sign papers indicating that they had religious convictions which kept them from accepting war; also, they were being arrested and jailed for refusing to dip their sheep, a livestock husbandry practice which reduces the hazard of epidemic diseases among livestock.

He went on: "In our Hopi life we have had people who were not law-abiding, who went against the rules of the village. We had our ways of controlling these law-breakers, without putting them in jail. Now you give us laws and regulations which aren't even our own, and then you jail us for not obeying. How do you explain that?"

How long it took to discuss that question, I do not now recall. Hours, it seemed, without satisfaction to either party. Then

he returned to the theme and raised the same issue, with a different query.

He said: "When the Hopi people came up from the underworld, they found people living here before them. They had been living in the land a long time and knew many things about the world. Our Hopi people went to them and said, 'We would like to live here with you.' And they replied, 'All right. You can live here. We have certain rules here, ways of living, and you will have to follow those rules. Then there will be no trouble.' That's how it was. The Hopis did as they were told and there was never any trouble. After a while the white man came. He did not ask us if he could live with us. He just moved in. He didn't ask us what our rules were; instead he wrote his own rules for us and said, 'Now you just obey these, and you won't get into trouble.' How do you explain that?"

By that time the sun was westerly, and for the moment we were as blind as owls. The persistent speaker had not finished. What he next said was an indictment and an accusation, but still within it lay buried the question which he had hurled all through the day and which no one had answered.

He said: "Now we have a drought. It has been bad for years and seems to get worse. The rains come less often. The grass is dying everywhere. You tell us that the reason for this shortage of grass is that we have too many sheep. You want us to give up the only thing on which we have to depend for our food. But I say that is not the cause of our trouble. It is you who have made this trouble for us. You make regulations for us and for our children. They must go to school. We must dip our sheep. We must count our sheep. We must register for the draft. We must register for food rationing or whatever it is. You have put so many of these regulations on us that we are confused. We are

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not able to concentrate on the things which a Hopi must do, the ceremonies he must keep and the thoughts he must have. That is why it rains so little and why the grasses are so scarce. Before it was this way, we had many more sheep than we have now, yet no one suffered. That is what I say."

The sun was out of the west by then and whatever light was left in the day was high above us. On the earth there was only shadow. We prepared to leave the mesa, to descend into the deeper shadow which lay on the land below. What was needed, a voice speaking out of a burning bush, was not at hand. We might as well go to a belated dinner.

I suggest that you try these questions on yourself tonight, as you lay yourself down to rest. Does it ever suffice to tell a heathen that he is a heathen and that you know the cure for his heathenism? When a heathen retorts that you are the heathen and he the chosen one, do you merely shout louder and point to your tablets of stone? What proof other than shouting do you have? Is your science superior, when it cannot make rain come any better than magic can and does? You say that your science is not concerned with bringing rain, but rather with understanding

the composition of energy and matter; but does your science understand that any better than the Hopi desertman who knows that forces flow between man and rock and star, interdependently, deathlessly?

It is not all fancywork like that. The facts are, the Hopi Indians live and have lived for better than a thousand years in an area in which white men would quickly starve to death or go mad in its "emptiness." They have learned to live without war through crises which were as tough on wisdom and tolerance as anything European statesmen have known. What is the formula for rationalizing away these simple facts and asserting a transcendent right over the will of the Hopi people? That is the question we never got around to answering.

A member of the Indian Service, D'Arcy McNickle is the author of two previous articles in our pages: "We Go On From Here," Autumn 1943, and "Snowfall," Summer 1944. He will be the author of the Indian book, *We Were Here First*, in the forthcoming *Peoples of America* series under the general editorship of Louis Adamic, to be published by Lippincott.

Bernadine Custer is the illustrator.



MAIDS ARE HARD TO GET

MILTON KAPLAN

I MET Ethel at the first meeting of the writing club in the high school where I teach English. She was a little colored girl, who kept her left arm stiffly against her side. Shyness, I thought, but I was wrong. I remember that our first meeting resulted in the choice of the rather grandiloquent name of The Creative Writing Guild. I viewed the name somewhat dolefully, for I had just finished listening to the stilted expressions that only students who want to WRITE can produce. One boy read a long and tedious story placed uncertainly in the 18th century; another bewailed the futility and tragedy of life. Ethel, with her left arm still clamped to her side, read a poem about clouds blowing by. I was interested to find a poem, but I was disheartened by the stereotyped sentiments and the artificial rhymes. In desperation I begged them to write about themselves, to draw their subjects from their own experiences, and I concluded with Sir Philip Sidney's injunction, which all teachers of writing grasp eventually in the extremity of their need:

*Biting my truant pen, beating myself
for spite:*

*"Fool!" said my Muse to me, "look
into thy heart and write!"*

They filed out so quietly that afternoon I wondered whether I had blundered. Perhaps I should have been more circumspect in my attack.

At the next meeting Ethel read a new poem that began:

*Because we're black, we do not have
to pause*

*Before the portals of learning, afraid
and ashamed.*

*We must uphold our forefathers' creed
By advancing head up and shoulders
squared*

*Ready to receive the treasure called
"Knowledge."*

The poem had many defects, but the girl had reached into herself for her material. In doing so she had abandoned formal meter and rhyme, but I felt that here at least was the beginning of true writing.

The next poem that Ethel wrote was much shorter. It was entitled "To a Young Negro":

*Let not a whipping raid the contents
of your soul,*

O young in heart;

The fires in it were fanned by ambition;

Hate will leave but charred embers

Of love and hope.

Evidently in this little bit of a girl was the poised discipline of the artist—immature certainly, but sensitive and promising. What impressed me most was that there was no bitterness, only a great and warm understanding. How great that understanding was I learned long afterwards, for Ethel had every reason to be bitter. The hours she spent at the club meetings were wrenched from an uncompromising schedule she set for herself. Up early in the morning, she helped her sick mother

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clean the house, and prepared breakfast for the family. School hours were from nine to three; then she went on her job as a houseworker, sweeping floors, washing dishes, and dusting furniture for a weekly round of employers. In the evening she did her homework conscientiously and went to bed. On Saturday, of course, she worked all day, and on Sunday she tried to write her poems and make up any of the work she had missed.

The ruthlessness with which she ordered her life left no time for play or rest or compromise. She was hardest on herself. Algebra was her poorest subject that term and she lived in constant dread that she would fail. Yet when her teacher passed her on the basis of her incredible effort in the subject, Ethel refused the promotion. "I don't know enough to pass," she said, and she repeated the subject.

Underneath that unyielding conscience of hers lurked a wry sense of humor that often turned on itself because of her efforts to suppress it. It crept into her poem "Wisdom," which began:

*When I was a toddler
My mother spoke
Of a pot of gold
At the end of the rainbow
But even then
I did not try to steal it
For had I not tried to steal
The mouse's cheese from
The mousetrap?*

Another time she wrote:

*Scrape the black
From the burnt cake
Garnish it with icing
And serve on a beautiful dish.
The taste of the dessert may be pleasing
But the failure still tastes bitter.*

That year we entered Ethel in the New York City Interscholastic Poetry Contest,

conducted by Elias Lieberman and others. Ethel won honorable mention with the poem "Colored Boy":

*When they took
The dirty little colored boy
To the home
They used quite a bit
Of hot water and sudsy soap
To get him clean
But they did not wash away
With kindness
The black hatred
Of white folks
Which sprang into his young heart
When they lynched his father.
They only saw a pan of dirty, soapy
water.
They could not see
Or did not care to see
Further.
After all, why go to any trouble
Over a black boy?
His parents were no good
And he'll come to a bad end some day
too.*

When Ethel told me she had won a prize, I had to turn away from the terrible pathos of her joy. That was the only time she broke down and became a child. I found out a great deal about her then. She had been what we call a "cardiac case." Her elementary school training as a result was necessarily intermittent and inadequate. Permitted to go to high school because she had improved considerably, she was told to spare herself as much as possible. She did what she could, but there was work to be done—and she held up her left hand for the first time. Then I saw why she kept it locked to her side—a finger was missing. "I burned it in a stove once while I was cooking," she said. "My little brother was there. Imagine, he'll always have the memory of that awful scene burned into his mind."

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She had other scars inside of her. A teacher who employed her to do light housework told me this story. Ethel had been polishing the silver with dogged industry. She hated the work. When she had finished the last piece, she pushed it away. "Here," she called, "now count it!"

Tortured as she was by physical infirmity and spiritual anguish, Ethel had long nourished the thought of suicide. The catharsis of her poetry, I am sure, saved her. And the honorable mention she had won in poetry gave her stature in school. Her name appeared in the New York Times; the school paper published an interview with her. She made friends with white as well as colored girls. It was extreme irony that the refugee girls in our high school were the only ones to invite Ethel to visit them.

Ethel's last year in school was a triumphal procession. She was selected as editor-in-chief of the school's literary magazine. The issue she edited won the praise of Professor Hughes Mearns, author of *Creative Youth*, and Arthur W. Rushmore, executive of Harper and Brothers. She won first prize in the WAAT (Jersey City) Interscholastic Poetry Contest, conducted by Professor Paul Nickerson of Montclair State Teachers College, and she was invited to contribute her poetry to a book he was preparing on poetry appreciation for high schools. She placed second this time in the New York City Interscholastic Contest with the following poem, which was printed in its entirety the very next day in the New York Times:

SUCCESSION

*Sharply the slippers slap the face of the
floor;
A creak of the bedroom door
Acknowledges a new day
As a fly buzzes around the string on the
light
In a crazy sort of way—*

*Still sleepy, I grasp at a sunrise beam
Which has crept in under the shade.
My hair stands on end
As the shade jumps to the top of the
window
With an angry snort.*

*Warm and friendly,
The blankets
Are like the grasp
Of the soft, pudgy fingers
Of a gracious fat lady.*

*As I wash,
Water glides down my back
And out of my reach
To vanish into a goosepimple.*

*The cup grasps my hand
In a firm and stubborn way
And winks in the glowing sunlight.*

*I reflect happily
As the train snakes in and out
The dark, long tunnel
That my weight is only a small fraction
Of the ton of life it carries.*

At the graduation exercises Ethel won two medals, one for creative writing and the other for succeeding despite physical handicaps. (I think that referred to her bad heart, not her black skin.)

Ethel didn't go to college that year with her refugee friends. I wrote to every college I could think of in an effort to get her a scholarship on the basis of her ability and promise, but they all turned her down. There were all kinds of scholarships for football players but none for poets, unless they had unusually high averages, and Ethel had trouble with math. There was no use explaining, although I tried, that Ethel's average was incredibly high in view of the little time she had for study, reading, and leisure.

Inasmuch as all applications had to be made in Ethel's name, she received notice of her rejections long before I knew about them, but she didn't tell me. She was afraid I would be disappointed.

That was before the war. The only job she could find was general housework. She took it and went to high school every evening, studying mathematics and Spanish in order to qualify for one of the city colleges.

For a while I didn't hear from her. Too busy, I thought, and didn't bother her. Finally I wrote, suggesting that inasmuch as I was frequently in her neighborhood, I could easily run up to see her. She invited me.

Ethel lived in midtown Manhattan in what was an old-law, firetrap tenement. The winding stairways were wooden; the corridors were dark and narrow; the floors sagged. She met me at the door and ushered me into the kitchen, the living room of the family. The room was scrubbed as clean as cracked walls and falling plaster would allow. A couch in the corner was obviously someone's bed. But on the table, monstrous in its incongruity, was an old-fashioned typewriter, the symbol of aspiration bought on the installment plan. It reminded me of Don Marquis' archie, and I plunged into the story of the irrepressible cockroach who typed poetry in lower case. Ethel's strained smile brought my story to a stumbling halt; cockroaches in that household were not objects of amusement.

Perhaps to change the subject Ethel blurted out, "I suppose you want to see my poetry. I haven't any. I'm not writing." That was the reason she hadn't kept in touch with me. In failing to write poetry she felt that somehow she was failing me.

The next year Ethel was accepted by Brooklyn College. She was deliriously happy. She lived in Manhattan, went to

school in Brooklyn, and after school hours she got herself a job in Brighton Beach—housework, of course. Then she traveled all the way home to eat, do as much of her homework as she could, and sleep. She lasted a year. First she passed her college mathematics to prove something to herself, and then without telling me, she quit. She was too honest to accept a college education on a marginal basis.

I got this explanation a long time later: "If you are still wondering why I didn't return to college, the only thing I can say is this. I want it more than I want to get married but I would have too many heartaches so I quit. You remember I wanted to talk to you once? Well, I decided to stop reaching for a strong arm and try standing on my own two feet. I am not steady but I'm not down either. . . . When I left Brooklyn my poetry was just beginning to arouse interest and kindly comments from both students and teachers. Since then I have not attempted to write. I have never felt the mood. . . . So, you see, it seems all your efforts were in vain." To this day, locked somewhere in that tight little head of hers is the notion that her only claim to consideration is her poetry.

She has a job now, not housework because there's a war going on and colored help can aspire to better things. She operates a Singer sewing machine in a doll factory, and as jobs go, she tells me, it's a good one because her employer is considerate and permits her to leave when she feels too ill to work. She is the youngest employee there; most of the women are well over forty.

She's not entirely unhappy. She made some friends at Brooklyn College and as a result goes to lectures and to parties and even to restaurants in Greenwich Village, where, evidently, it is possible to observe the spirit of democracy. "Of course, to most people," she wrote to me, "this

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would all sound childish. But Mr. Kaplan, I never went to parties, met new faces, ate in restaurants, or talked seriously with any group of people before and the dull shop makes these contacts seem all the more precious to me."

That's about all there is to tell. She's still working in the doll factory. Her brother goes to high school and has three jobs after school. He wants to be an electrical engineer but Ethel thinks he won't succeed. She wants to go to college so desperately that when she talks about it her finger-nails show white, but she is waiting until she can study the way she wants to. I don't know when that will ever be; she's past twenty-two now. She isn't writing any poetry, although she has good poems inside of her. She doesn't want to touch them now. I've explored the solid wall of circumstances around her in a vain effort

to find a way of escape for her. There just doesn't seem to be a ready solution to her problem.

The other day I told her story to a group of teachers at the luncheon table. I had just received a letter from her, and I was so overwhelmed by the spectacle of a fine, sensitive, and courageous spirit wasting away that without intending to I unfolded the whole story. A latecomer, who heard only the ending, seemed unusually interested. "Do you think you could get her to work for me?" she asked. "Maids are very hard to get."

CG readers will remember Milton Kaplan as the author of "My Son, Jonathan" in the Autumn 1944 issue and of an earlier poem, "Here in This Pleasant Land," Summer 1944. This is a true story of one of his pupils in a New York City high school.

DEMOCRACY AT WORK

DAVID WEISMAN

UNSUNG, unwritten, but wanting to be shouted to the rooftops of democracy, are the daily deeds of sailors who give the lie to the notion that you can't change human nature. The Coast Guard is an experimental laboratory of human relationships quite unlike the Army. We work in small groups, in close quarters, and with greater dependence upon each other. The practice of the Coast Guard is to oppose Jim Crow. The Coast Guard Magazine has stated that official records do not classify a man by his color. Thus, demonstrations of prejudice on the part of the men can be more easily fought.

Everyone agrees that bigots are not

born that way. But just as they become that way, they can "unbecome" that way. It is fun to be in on the switch when a bigot wakes up. A petty-officer from Virginia remarked during a bull session: "Orders or no orders, they can't make me live with them niggers." I flashed my best smile and said, "Haven't you been living right here in these barracks with seventy-five Negroes for six months?"

"Well, now, but ain't that the truth! Gosh! My folks would never believe it."

"Why don't you tell them?"

"Why, blame it all, I will. These black boys are better than some of the white men around here."

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Before segregation was eliminated, a chief was drilling one Negro company and two of white men. One white company lacked six men; the Negro company had five extras. The drill officer ordered the extra Negroes to fill in the ranks of the white company. A white youth quickly shifted to a spot away from them.

"Who ordered you to change position?" barked the officer.

"Well, I'd rather move over here."

"I see! You're too good for them! Return to your spot. All I see here is men in uniform, including snobs like you. We're all equal here, or you don't belong in this country. Now let's get to work."

Very appropriately, this occurred on the Boston Common.

In the battle for a better democracy, the smoking room aboard ship is an important theatre of war. Men are relaxing. Bull sessions are funny and serious and smart. Sometimes, tense. But since the men have been trained by discipline to work together, the battles are with words and not with fists.

"Hey, there, George, gimme a light."

The boy who wanted the light was from the South. He was friendly but ignorant. He had never had to live in close quarters before with Negroes.

The colored boy replied politely, "Here's a light. But my name is not George. Nor Sambo. When I do not know a service-man's name, I call him Sailor, or Mate, or Soldier. My name happens to be William. My friends call me Bill."

"Okay, Bill, I didn't mean anything. But you're right. I hate like the devil when these Northerners call me Rebel."

The best evidence that Negroes are quick to appreciate and apply real democracy is illustrated by Garrison, an Alabama Negro. He slept in the same compartment with two white boys who constantly boast-

ed of the democratic victories of their unions back home. On board ship, they set the pace for treating the colored men decently. The timid Garrison learned quickly. In the Ship's barber shop, two white barbers had refused to serve any of the fifty Negroes in the crew. They claimed the white boys would refuse to patronize them if they did. The commanding officer attempted to solve the problem by appointing Garrison as a part-time barber. His first five customers included two white sailors. The white barbers objected. "You can't serve the white men; your job is to work on the Negroes."

Garrison replied, "I was given the same job as you, same rates, same outfit. I will live up to the laws of the land and to my oath as a military man by serving all men in uniform, be they white or black. I will not discriminate against the white man."

An interesting bull session occurred between two Jews, an Irishman, and several Negroes. Taylor from Harlem was talking.

"You Jewish boys know I like you, so don't get me wrong; but isn't it true that the Jews own all the stores in the neighborhood?"

"No," I answered, "unless you mean the little candy stores, or the tailor shops, or the clothing stores. Maybe those men wanted to be mechanics or farmers or telephone workers, but these industries discriminated against Jews. That's why so many Jews had to go into small businesses to earn a livelihood. That's what discrimination does."

"Sure," spoke up O'Meara, "that's the same reason so many Irishmen have to be policemen when they'd rather be something else. Many large companies won't hire anyone who looks or sounds Irish."

Davidson hit the nail on the head. "Listen, you colored fellows know better than anyone what we mean. Wouldn't it be silly if we accused you Negroes of grab-

bing all the porter jobs and janitor jobs and elevator jobs? Some people want to be porters. Okay. But here's Wilson with two college degrees, who had to be a porter. Discrimination made him take that kind of job. Don't blame the Negro or the Jew or the Irishman who has no choice. Blame the bigot who won't hire us. He's pulling a Hitler on each of us. That's why we're all joined up in uniform—to beat these Hitlers. In the meantime, the Government is doing plenty to get after those bigots in business. It's all part of the same war.”

You can't change human nature? If you mean change attitudes and prejudices, you most certainly can. One of my greatest surprises came from a Boston policeman, now in our crew. He listened to our bull sessions many times and made me produce clippings to prove many of my statements. Many times we discussed how ignorance made people fall for fascist ideas. Then one day to a buddy in the ship's washroom, the ex-Boston policeman exploded with this weapon of words:

“Listen, McLane, that's enough out of you. I happen to be Irish, too, and I don't like that superior attitude of yours. You're always insulting the Jews or our colored mates. They hear about it, and then they start calling us the ‘damned Irish.’ Now cut it out! I don't think I am any better than they are, yet because of your dirty mouth I'm getting a bad name, too. If I hear you insult them again, I'll let you have it on the nose.”

McLane will be back on a police force, too, after the war. Don't you suppose such an experience will change him? Military service forces men to come out of their shells and learn to understand people they never knew before.

Four other bigots were talking when I walked into earshot distance.

“There's that Jew always reading books. He's a nigger-lover.”

“What can you expect? He comes from New York, doesn't he?”

“Yeah, he's always readin' and talkin' and writin'.”

Out of this fog of hate came the clear voice of a drawling Southerner. “Listen, you unholy confessors. That Jew is a better Christian than all of you put together. I believe in the Bible, and I believe you guys got minds like that other gang of supermen, the Nazis. The Bible says to help your fellow man, and it doesn't say to leave out the black man or the Jew. You got no right to wear that rosary around your neck unless you can love your neighbors like that Jewish sailor does. You old fools! Just because you go to church, you think that makes you religious! There ain't no half-way. You gotta be one way or the other. Suppose your girl friend sent you a telegram which said she's only slightly pregnant and don't worry about it. There ain't no half-way about that. Same with being a Christian. Same with the Jewish religion and anybody else's religion. Either you are or you ain't. The Bible says to Love Thy Neighbor. It don't say Except the Black Man, Except the Foreigner, Except the Jew. It only says Except the SINNER. And when you even use the words ‘nigger’ or ‘guinea’ or ‘dirty Jew,’ that makes you a SINNER.”

And so the four bigots were smacked into silence.

Democracy can work if we have the guts to use it!

David Weisman is a petty-officer, second class, in the Coast Guard. An advertising artist in civilian life, he now writes and illustrates a monthly feature for the Coast Guard Magazine and a weekly column for the Boston Chronicle on fighting bigotry in the armed forces.

AMERICAN SONGS BY DANISH IMMIGRANTS

ENOK MORTENSEN

IF THE Danish immigrant has contributed anything of value to American culture it is probably that of a rich treasure of songs.

Marcus Lee Hansen's well-known statement that "migration produces an urge for writing" is well supported by the fact that the relatively small group of Danish immigrants, between 1847 and now, has published about one hundred and fifty newspapers and journals, though hardly more than half a dozen of these periodicals are still in existence. The Danes in America have written hundreds of books, too, few of which may have any lasting value; but their songs, already now sung outside their own immediate group, will probably live long enough to color the tapestry of American singing.

The Danish immigrant loved to sing, and he brought with him hundreds of songs interpreting in poetic terms his love of his native land. These folksongs and folk-life songs were sung by the immigrants in their homes, at work, or when they gathered in meeting halls and church basements in the Danish settlements all over the new country.

But the immigrant from Denmark not only brought with him a rich treasure of songs from his homeland. He began soon to sing his own. Many, true enough, were dilettante and naive. The dominant note was nostalgic to the point of sentimentality; for the eyes of the early immigrant were still turned toward the old country.

An unknown immigrant poet writes in *Illustreret Familieblad* (Chicago, 1878)

of plucking a little flower. As the flower begins to wilt, he sees in it a symbol of the flower of memory—"rosy red in mother's lap," but now, in the foreign clime, "lily-white and dead" until, in the atmosphere of home, it shall revive and blossom again.

That, I think, is fairly characteristic of early immigrant poetry. And there was so much of it! Every other immigrant, or so it seems, had a song to sing and found release from his loneliness and longing in verse and rhyme. The Danish American newspapers and journals are full of such songs; and while they certainly deserve the literary oblivion into which they have nearly all fallen, they nevertheless mark the slow and progressive steps by which the Danish immigrant became Americanized.

For, of course, he did; and the process may be traced not only in the books he wrote, but especially in the songs he sang.

In the journal quoted above, and in the same year, an anonymous poet writes of his impressions on viewing Lake Michigan. Spying a seagull, he is immediately transported to the scenes of his beloved homeland, and he urges the seagull to wing its way across the sea to Denmark's "beauteous shores" and bring greetings to his lost and loved ones. So far, the poem is in character with the trite sentimentalism of the average immigrant rhymester. But then, suddenly, the mood changes and the poet bids the bird tell his kin of the glories of the new land: "Tell of the beauty in this strange land where the forest proudly

beholds its reflection in the mirror of the lake; where the fragrant breeze is as fresh and invigorating as the one that blew by Zealand's strand! Tell them that here a new people is born, without weight of clanking chains, and nourished by freedom. Tell them of our confidence and courage, of our faith in the rich and promising future!"

The Reverend Adam Dan, one of the early pioneer ministers, is perhaps the ablest, and certainly the best known, of Danish American poets. The following lines are from his long poem which for years was considered a sort of national anthem among his compatriots (translation by Professor S. D. Rodholm):

*My thoughts are wandering far from here
To childhood home and to Mother dear,
To fields of clover and golden grain
And to a house by the winding lane,
And there, while softly my tears are
falling*

*I see you, Mother, I hear you calling.
I send, dear Mother, my love to you
And all the places my childhood knew.*

But the Reverend Dan wrote not only sentimentally of the past. The following lines, written as early as 1887, speak gratefully of the new land and its opportunities (translation also by Professor S. D. Rodholm):

*When freedom, everywhere oppressed,
Fled westward with the sun
It came to build an eagle's nest,
To grow in strength and never rest
Until its noble race is run
And all its battles won.*

*America! God prosper thee!
May here the race be won
For culture, peace and liberty,
For justice and equality:
Enough for all, too much for none,
Good will to everyone!*

This same poet who for more than fifty years served the immigrant people in his mother tongue, also wrote one of the finest tributes to our nation's Independence Day in which he links the tradition of the Danish flag and its history with the proud fight for freedom symbolized by men like Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield. In still another song he writes of our flag (translation by an anonymous writer):

*Red, white, and blue flag,
Gracefully waving
Over the free-born
And mighty land.
Stars in the blue field
Kindly t'ward heaven
Beckons our hearts
And calls us to peace.*

*Red, white, and blue flag,
Wonderful banner,
Liberty's symbol
Throughout the world.
Freedom and justice
Shall be victorious;
Under your guidance
Peace shall prevail!*

One can leaf through the pages of the various collections of Danish American songbooks and follow this slow but inevitable process of Americanization. Hence, in later years, the most popular song among Americans of Danish birth has become the one by the Reverend Kristian Østergaard, in which he first speaks reverently of the Danish people and its history, only to conclude on the following note of loyalty and devotion to the new land:

*Here found we our freedom,
Here built we our homes—*

*Here plough we our furrows
So far 'cross the waves;*

COMMON GROUND

*Beneath the starry banner
We live and find our graves!*

The amalgamation process which was accelerated by World War I did not still the songs of the Danish immigrant; but he and his children began seriously to use the English tongue. During that period, roughly speaking, the first translations of Danish hymns and songs were published. New generations began to sing the ancient songs of their fathers, but in the language of the new world. Professor S. D. Rodholm, one of the ablest of the translators, has not contented himself merely with rendering these songs phrase by phrase; in many instances he has melted down the content of the song, molding and adapting it to meet the need and the mood of a new day. His song "Lord of Creation," originally a Danish national hymn, has been transformed into an American song which is now, deservedly, being sung in many groups totally without Danish affiliations. The song, originally by the poet A. Recke, follows:

*Lord of Creation, bless Thou our land!
Shower Thy gifts with a generous hand.
Let us, our Father, a golden harvest
gather;
Richly reward Thou the labor of man.*

*Lord of the nations, lift up Thy light.
Show us that peace dwells where justice is
might.
Truth and devotion from ocean unto
ocean
Build up a nation, beloved in Thy sight!*

Logically, the next step will result in the singing of original American songs. So far, children of Danish immigrants have failed to produce a single outstanding poet. Their work has consisted mainly of preserving and making available the treasures of Danish songs in the American lan-

guage. Two original songs, however, deserve mention. O. C. Olsen has written a patriotic song, one verse of which goes:

*To the spirit of past ages
We will link our future course,
Seeking not as highest wages
What has value on the bourse.
Lofly aims of noblest fathers
Brighten shall our future way,
Calling to their sons and daughters:
Forward for America!*

The second song, by an anonymous writer, is the attempt to sing the sonorous rhythm of the Gettysburg address and the essence of the Declaration of Independence into the consciousness of the American people. Two of the verses follow:

*Our Declaration of Independence
Brought forth upon this continent
A nation new, conceived in freedom,
A land of faith in liberty.
It had a noble dedication,
A proposition true and good,
That men are all created equal and
Are bound in bonds of brotherhood.*

*And this shall be our dedication
As long as hearts and minds be true:
That under God our glorious nation
In freedom shall be born anew;
That government is for the people,
And by the people who gave birth
To hopes of democratic life, which now
Shall never perish from the earth.*

Enok Mortensen is historian and archivist of the Danish Lutheran Church of America and now at work on a bibliography of Danish American literature. All songs quoted are from *A World of Song*, Grand View College, Des Moines, Iowa, and used by special permission.

SEVEN MILES FROM THE OLD COUNTRY

MILLA Z. LOGAN

MY TWELFTH birthday was a sad occasion for all our friends and relatives. It was on that day we were leaving them and the "Old-World" section of San Francisco where the Serbs and Italians and other foreign-American groups had set up their colonies in the early 1880s. We were moving from our rugged hillside beside the Bay, from the old-fashioned, high-ceilinged buildings whose bay windows looked out upon the homes of aunts and uncles to a new subdivision of stucco houses seven miles the other side of town.

As we waited for the expressmen, everyone gathered in the dismantled rooms for a last farewell. Aunts and uncles and other neighbors sat around on crates of dishes and piles of mattresses and tried to joke away the sadness of this parting.

"Poor little Booritz," my Teta (Aunt) Eva laughed, rumpling my hair and pressing me to her. "Are you going to miss the Old Country?"

"That will be enough of that," my mother warned with an edge to her tone. She was getting a little annoyed, I could tell, with the taunts our departure was provoking. Ever since the day my father had bought the new house, our relatives had treated us as if we were going into a no-man's land.

"Fine, up-to-date, modern house," Don-do (Uncle) Spiro said. "Much too high-toned to cook *kastradina* in."

"Very quiet, peaceful neighborhood," another uncle observed. "You can roll barrels of wine into the cellar in the

middle of the day and nobody will even see you."

"I guess it's all right for those who like it," conceded a countryman from across the street, "but myself I would want to live where everybody doesn't notice the smell of a little garlic on your breath."

"What nonsense," said my mother. "The way you people talk one would think we were all used to living like peasants."

I tried to take heart from my mother's superiority, but secretly I was depressed and frightened. What would happen to us in this strange, lonely neighborhood? Maybe nobody would even come across town to visit us.

"Not me," Teta Eva had threatened. "I never was so sick in my life. That street car rocks worse than a rowboat in the Adriatic."

What if they all stayed away? Who would fill our house with arguments, scenes, and laughter?

In the home we were leaving, our doorbell rang all day. Some mornings, Matia, the grocer, who came from a little Dalmatian seacoast town, was the first visitor. This was often the most lively event of the morning, and my brother and I, when we were home, hung around to catch fragments of the talk. Matia took his position at the bottom of the inside steps and my mother would seat herself comfortably on the landing. Toothless Bepina, whom the American neighbors called our "housekeeper," would hang herself over the railing.

"What's new this morning, Matia?" That's how it always started. This was a question that developed into an exciting game of wits whenever there was really something new—an unannounced engagement or a new baby on the way.

Each participant in the game knew the other one was in on the news. The trick was to see who would break down first. Then it could be discussed freely. "What's new?" Matia would repeat with no serious attempt to fake innocence. "Why do you ask? Have you heard something?"

Then it was my mother's turn to act injured. "Where on earth would I hear anything, staying home all day? You're the one who would know if there's going to be a wedding around here one of these days."

Matia would give up at this point. "No use keeping anything from you women," he would protest. "Now the Radonoviches will say I told the whole neighborhood."

The real meat of the conversation came next.

"Bepina, you go see if we need any flour today. You children run across the street and ask your Teta Olga if she wants to go halves on a ham." When my mother issued these instructions, we knew that the real low-down was coming: Who made the match? How were the bride's uncle and the groom's uncle who hadn't spoken to each other for 20 years taking the news? What about the cousin of the groom's father—remember—the one the bride's aunt had jilted? Was there any bad feeling there?

By the time we returned from our breathless dash across the street, these issues were well under consideration and Bepina was marching between the kitchen and the stairway with empty grocery boxes to show my mother what she wanted re-ordered. Bepina and my mother kept no lists of exhausted supplies, and there were therefore many opportunities to discuss

the topics of the day during Bepina's trips to the kitchen.

Once a week at least, Stevo, the wine man, dropped in to take a new order, to deliver some new demijohns, or to see what was the matter with some wine my father said was too green. Stevo always had a tidbit of news, and no matter how inconsequential it was, it always made good conversation.

Velo, the laundryman; Danilo, the coffee man; and others, too, contributed their share of news and commentaries and occasionally came through with a bombshell, as did Milan, one Saturday afternoon when he delivered the chickens for Sunday's dinner.

"Sit down, sit down, have a drink of wine, some cake, a little cordial maybe," everybody urged him when he came to the kitchen door.

"No, no," he protested, taking off his cap, however, and settling down at the big



kitchen table. "I have more places to call today. Well, just a thimbleful of wine, maybe."

Bepina poured him a glassful and brought some fruit and cake and walnuts.

"Nice wine, good body," he approved holding it up to the light and relaxing. "Well, tomorrow's Sunday. I think I'll

take a good rest. Will I see any of you ladies at church?"

"Are you crazy?" Everybody scolded him at once. "Who's going to church with all this cooking to do? What would you men put into your stomachs if we women took three hours off every Sunday morning to stand in church?"

Milan said he was only joking. "Can't you ladies take a little fun? It wouldn't do you any good to go to church tomorrow anyway, because I don't think the priest is going to be there."

Everybody was interested. "Not going to be there? Is he sick, poor man?"

"Yeh, I guess he's pretty sick," Milan said. "They say his wife ran away."

Sensational news this was, but it would have had more lasting interest if it had happened to someone we knew more intimately. The priest was Russian and he was a public figure. An item like that about a bona fide member of the colony would have stirred up talk for years. Months after, the opening remark in any conversation would have been, "Can anybody figure why she did it?"

The most entertaining event of the day was the afternoon coffee session when the *Tetas* and their friends gathered at our house or elsewhere for cake and strong coffee with boiled milk in it. These sessions, lively with talk and argument, lasted into the twilight hour, and there was always a last-minute scurry to get home in time to cook dinner. The moods at these gatherings varied. Sometimes the *Tetas* felt like reminiscing about the Old Country. They remembered dances and parties, weddings that lasted for days, clothes that had come from Vienna, willow-ware platters in a great big *armoire*. They remembered the time Franz Joseph of Austria came to their town; they remembered visiting Nicholas of Montenegro in his barn-like castle on the mountain above their homes.

Sometimes they were quarrelsome and would dig up old grudges against one of their sisterhood. Everyone would pick on the chosen victim for some wrong she had committed years ago. The air would be cleared and everyone parted friends.

One afternoon Teta Elvira appeared at a coffee session in heavy black cape with a black velvet collar. It was a garment she had dug out of an old chest. Everybody tried the cape on and did an impersonation. One Teta was Napoleon, another was a prime minister, and somebody else was a well-known town character in the Old Country. The afternoon reached a crescendo in sidesplitting laughter when my mother brought out a pair of scissors and cut fancy scallops above the hem of the cape. Then Elvira, when she got over her giggling fit, tried the cape on and did an impersonation of an albino they had all known back home.

Bachelor baiting was good sport, too. If one of our countrymen merchants who was a bachelor happened to make a delivery at the house when the *Tetas* were there, he took a merciless pounding.

"Come in, come in," they welcomed their hesitant victim. "Have some coffee, some wine. Bepina, bring the new cheese."

When he was surrounded with food, one of the *Tetas* began the attack. "Ah, me," she might say, "if only my little *tsura* (girl) were 15 years older. We'd have you for dinner every day."

Knowing the *Tetas'* reputation for leg-pulling, the bachelor would refuse to be drawn into the net. But they would assure him of their earnestness, and before he knew it they had him trapped into one of their matchmaking games.

They took him from all sides. What was the matter with him? Weren't our girls here pretty enough? Had somebody turned him down? Was he bashful? Did he have somebody in mind and was he afraid to speak up?

COMMON GROUND

"Maybe he's got somebody in the Old Country," a Teta would suggest.

Then they got down to business. Did he want somebody to say a good word for him? Before the session was over, a girl had been picked and a campaign strategy mapped out with solemn agreements on both sides. Then the happy bachelor went away, naively believing the Tetras were going to get him a wife.

The most exciting event of the week was the arrival of Christo, the lottery man. His calls were always unexpected, and my brother and I were sent out over the neighborhood to notify his patrons that Christo was at our house. Christo was a tall, gaunt elderly gentleman with trailing mustaches, and he wore spats and a cane and gloves. While he waited in the living room for his patrons to come, we would serve him with wine and cake and try to get him to talk. Nobody ever won anything in the lottery but it was a good social gathering, and everybody got a lot of pleasure out of pulling Christo's leg.

This was the routine of fun and excitement we were leaving for the loneliness of a new subdivision of stucco houses. The nearest Serbian family was three miles away, and between this family and the colony there was not a countryman within seven miles. None of the Serbian merchants could call and deliver to us.

While Bepina and Teta Lube stuck with us and moved to the new home, their lack of enthusiasm added to my misgivings.

At first it was not so bad. The excitement of exploring a new part of town, a brand new home with wonderful modern gadgets, a freshly furnished bedroom—all these were diverting at the start. At first, too, we had more company than ever before. Everybody had to come to see the new house and bring presents for it. People came early and stayed all day. Their visits were not casual droppings in as in

the old neighborhood. They were big events calling for elaborate preparations.

But in a few months everybody had called. The fully depressing consequences of our move caught up with us on Easter Sunday. We made the usual preparations during Holy Week, and on Easter Sunday my mother put all the leaves in the big dining-room table and set it with colored eggs, cakes, and wine.

"Nobody will come," my aunt warned her. "You can't expect the men folk to take this long trip for a twenty minute visit. They have their route down town and they will go from house to house in the usual order."

"We might as well be ready in case anybody does come," my mother said without much assurance.

All day long I listened for the street car to stop at our corner. When it did, no visitors got off. Instead of 20 or 30 men streaming in and out of the house all day long, we had only three who had broken away from their group of seven to make the call. We could tell it was a big sacrifice for them, but they said it was all right because they could go and visit the family who lived three miles away, too.

After that, Saturdays and Sundays and late afternoons, which had been the peaks of our social activities, were a succession of empty hours in the new house. On Saturdays I got on the street car and rode for three-quarters of an hour to the homes of my aunts. They were always happy to see me, and everybody in the colony gave me a hearty welcome. Nevertheless, I soon began to feel we were outsiders. Nobody missed a chance to take a dig at us.

"You'll be forgetting how to talk Serbian pretty soon," an old neighbor said when I met her on the street.

"Guess you won't be at the Tamburitsa Society next Saturday," somebody else said. "It's a long trip just to listen to a lot of Old-Country songs."

SEVEN MILES FROM THE OLD COUNTRY

I don't know what would have happened if a succession of unexpected events hadn't taken place. My mother would never have given in and moved back, I am sure. She liked it where we were, she insisted. It was quiet and peaceful, and the house wasn't a hurdy-gurdy all day long. The neighborhood was a better environment for children and there was plenty of



fresh air and safe uncrowded play areas.

"Besides," my mother pointed out, "it's good to be able to draw a breath without five different stories getting out over the neighborhood."

Yet all I could think of was the fun we were missing and how the place we had left empty was being closed up with everything going on around it as if we had never been there.

Then, one day, my mother received an important telephone call from my father. I could tell it was important because she looked serious, and when she hung up the receiver, there were tears in her eyes.

"I have some news that is going to make you feel bad," she said. "Your Teta Olga and your Striko Marko are moving to Fresno. He has bought a new business there." They were my aunt and uncle who had lived across the street from us.

A great weight began to lighten in my heart. If they were going away, too, really far away, then things were changing and we wouldn't be the only ones out of the colony life.

A few weeks later we heard that Teta Okula and her family were buying a new house in another part of the city. Not long after, Teta Angitsa and Teta Katisa and their families moved to Oakland. Everything was breaking up. Now I was glad we had got away first. It would have been sad to be left behind.

On Easter and Christmas we wouldn't have much company, but nobody else would either. At coffee times the house would seem lonely, but the Tetas wouldn't be getting together very often now, anyway, for they were just as far away from each other as from us.

Meanwhile I was making discoveries about our new neighborhood. There was a lot of fun to be had. The ocean beach was only six blocks from our house. There were sand dunes to slide on and a beautiful park to wander through. The children, here, knew all sorts of new outdoor games. My mother and father joined the Ocean-side Community Club. My brother got into the Boy Scouts and raised chickens and rabbits. The neighbors began to drop in to drink coffee with my mother. Our family got together with other families for beach picnics. A neighbor across the street had a new baby, and my mother made her a pink silk hat and bonnet.

The "Old Country" was beginning to be scattered among the new stucco houses of San Francisco.

This is one of a series of sketches Milla Logan is writing about her childhood as a second-generation American of Serbian descent. Two have appeared in earlier issues.

Kurt Werth is the illustrator.

HOMEFRONT

GILBERT A. PAPP

As a collector-reporter for a Hungarian American publication, I recently visited the Kovacs' farmhouse, weather-beaten but cleanly kept. I always like to go there; Mrs. Kovacs is one of my best news sources.

She landed in Hoboken in 1911. From there her aunt took her to New Brunswick, New Jersey, to work among hundreds of girls and women in the cigar factory. Almost every week-end, scores of men came to the town from the Pennsylvania coal mines in search of a bride. After thirty years of married life, she still marvels sometimes how she met her *uram* (master) at a Friday night dance, took out the marriage license on Saturday, and held her wedding on Sunday in the old Fedak Dance Hall. She and her husband had to run to the depot in their wedding clothes to catch the last train for the mines, because he had to be in the mine-shaft at seven the next morning.

"Have you seen my husband?" she asked as I entered. When I told her that I had talked with him at his plowing before I turned into their lane off the main road, she sighed.

"He's late this year. When my sons were home, the plowing was done in a week. Now he has to struggle with it alone." She wiped the chair with her apron before she bade me sit down.

"I've been waiting for you." She spoke almost in a whisper. "But I'm only going to pay you for half a year. Then you can come to see us again soon."

This had been repeated word for word

many times before. She always said it with a smile and usually kept me there for an hour with news of the neighbors or her own family.

I remember how pleased she was when I wrote about her son's graduation from high school. Her first-born, Geza, had won the gold medal for the best agricultural project in his class. When I came to see them, there was wine on the table and cake. "I guess my son showed them. He's not just a Hunky-John. The first prize he won." Her face was radiant with health and happiness. She laughed with a loud, throaty pleasantness.

This time she had no innocent gossip. She was troubled. As I put my note pad and receipt book on the table, she reached into the cupboard and took money out of a split-lipped cup. I handed her the receipt and she folded it quietly.

"I've failed," she said as she put a crumpled bill before me. I knew what she meant. We had talked of it when I was there the time before. Her citizenship papers.

"Can't you try again?" I asked.

"It's no use, Mr. Editor. I can't speak when I'm up there. I don't know what the Judge says. He tries to help, but I just can't say more than 'Yes, sir,' 'No sir,' 'I don't know.' When I was a little girl, I spoke three languages, but I just can't learn English. The Judge said I'd never get my citizenship papers."

My attempt at comfort only increased her sadness.

"I know what the Constitution is. I

studied with Mr. Varga, the ticket agent. He explained the Constitution to us in Hungarian. But I just can't say it in English when I'm before the Judge. Both my husband and I are so helpless when it comes to speaking and reading English."

She went to the cupboard and brought out a letter from under the shelf paper. The brown, stampless envelope was familiar. I immediately recognized it to be from the War Department. "Here is a letter that came last week. I've kept it hidden." She opened it and handed it to me with a sad embarrassed smile.

"Mr. Editor, you are well-versed in both the English language and our own. Would it be asking too much for you to translate this to me? My husband does not know about it. He might be—well—you understand—he is only a father—"

I read it slowly, hoping for some miracle to happen, wishing that I might be interrupted. The woman sat opposite me with a resigned, sad smile, her knotted hands in her lap—peasant fashion.

I began slowly, stalling for time. "Mrs. Kovacs, I'm afraid this letter contains bad news. You understand, of course, that the government is not certain, not positive—or perhaps they may even be mistaken—anyway, there is still a hope that your son, Geza, the sailor, is not —"

I felt ill. My hand trembled and a

choking feeling shut off my voice. She stood up.

"I know. My son Geza is dead—drowned at sea. I know. I dreamt it more than a month ago. Please don't be upset. I cried all my tears. . . . I'm not going to cry any more. Don't tell his father, please. . . ." She raised her eyes and looked at me. "But look at you. You are so pale. Here, I'll give you a cup of hot coffee. I just made it for dinner."

The strong hot coffee washed down the empty, helpless feeling in my throat, and I managed a smile to her sad-eyed whisper, "My second-born son, Emery, was made a corporal. Perhaps you could mention it in your paper? He is only nineteen, but such a fine American soldier."

I nodded and walked quickly to my car. There I broke down. Before I went into the kitchen, Mr. Kovacs had showed me a letter he had been hiding for weeks, telling that Emery was killed in action at Anzio.

Gilbert A. Papp came to the United States from Hungary at the age of twelve, after World War I. A graduate of Rutgers, he now teaches English in the New Brunswick, New Jersey, High School and runs a Hungarian American weekly in his spare time.

• The Common Council at Work •

(A number of readers, surprised to learn that COMMON GROUND is only one of the activities of the Common Council, have said, "Why haven't we known that before?" This department will aim to keep members and friends of the Council in closer touch with its work.)

"LEARNING TO LIVE IN ONE WORLD" is the title of a special series of bi-weekly articles the Council began sending the foreign-language press in January. Written by Dr. Margaret Mead, Associate Curator of Anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, these articles discuss problems of race and nationality and the new habits and attitudes people need to live peacefully together in our modern world. They are part of the Council's regular monthly press service to the foreign-language newspapers and publications in the United States, and are being translated into 17 languages. "It is necessary to learn new methods," Dr. Mead said in her first article, "new ways of thinking about peoples with a different skin color or a different hair form, a different religion, or a different language, ways which are appropriate to a world in which no people, however different, live more than sixty hours away from any other people. Old habits are out of date, as ineffective in use as a horse whip when the car engine begins to sputter."

THE COUNCIL'S WEEKLY RELEASES to the foreign-language press are widely reprinted throughout the United States. Among the most popular of recent stories have been articles on the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, UNRRA, Chaplains at the Battle Fronts, Accidents in Industry Retard War Production, Veterans Urged to

Use U.S. Employment Service, The Electoral College, Ratification of Treaties by Two-thirds Senate Vote, Change in Naturalization Fees, Federal Maternity and Infant Care Expanding, Immigrant Leaders of American Labor, Science Disproves Theories of Race Superiority, and Willkie, Smith and the American Tradition. These are translated into as many as 19 languages—Czech, Danish, Finnish, French, German, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Serbo-Croatian, Slovak, Slovene, Spanish, Swedish, Ukrainian, and Yiddish; sometimes, also, into Arabic, Armenian, Bulgarian, Chinese, Dutch, Japanese, Portuguese, and Roumanian.

HOME STUDY COURSES for applicants for American citizenship, prepared by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, are described in the first of the Council's Interpreter Releases for 1945. Designed for local agencies and others advising, or interested in the problems of, newcomers, this series of special articles on immigration, naturalization, and the foreign-born is now in its 22nd year. They will again be edited this year by Marian Schibby, who has returned to the Council staff after a year and a half with the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, as the first editor of its Monthly Review and Assistant to the Commissioner. Other recent Interpreter Releases have dealt with Promoting Assimilation of Spanish-Speaking People in U.S., Wartime Visa Control Procedure, Birth and Death Rates of the Foreign-Born, and Occupations of Aliens in New York City.

MORE THAN 65 BILLS dealing with immigration and naturalization were intro-

duced in the first month of the new Congress. Five of these would further restrict or altogether prohibit immigration. Five would make natives of India eligible for naturalization. Bills to establish a permanent Fair Employment Practice Committee have been reintroduced in the Senate and House and early enactment is being pressed. The Council follows day-to-day developments in Congress with the aid of its Washington representative, Miss Elizabeth Eastman. It summarizes all bills and action in its field of interest in a series of Legislative Bulletins.

A SPECIAL REPORT ON THE 146 RADIO stations in the United States broadcasting in foreign languages has just been completed by Jacques F. Ferrand, Chief of the Council's Radio Division. These stations are located in 29 states: 17 in California, 14 in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, 12 in New York, 10 in Texas, 8 in Illinois and Wisconsin. They broadcast altogether in 25 languages, several in as many as 14 different languages. The languages most widely broadcast are Polish, 63 stations; Italian 54; Spanish 45; Greek 21; Yiddish 19; German 18; Hungarian 16; French 14; Lithuanian 13; Slovak 10; and Portuguese 10. As part of its regular work, the Council sends a weekly Radio Bulletin, containing suitable educational items, to more than 500 foreign-language broadcasters and program directors.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE COUNCIL, in its capacity as a center of information for newcomers, Norwegian-born K.S., now a citizen of the United States, is enrolled in the Officers School for the U.S. Navy at New London, Connecticut. A seaman, K.S. first came to the Council in 1937 after deserting his ship. On its advice he returned to his native Norway, obtained an immigration visa, and was legally admitted to the United States. The

Council helped him obtain first papers and, after five years' residence, prepared his petition for citizenship. The naturalization examiner recommended that his application be denied, but after many months of work the misunderstandings and difficulties—one of them due to the finding of K.S.'s stolen satchel and passport at the site of a murder—were cleared away, and citizenship was granted. In the meantime, he had been serving in our Merchant Marine. With his citizenship certificate in hand, K.S. was able a few months ago to realize the dream of years and was admitted to the U.S. Officers School at Fort Trumbull. "I know very well," he writes from there, "that if it were not for you I might not have gotten my citizenship papers, and you may be sure I will never forget your unending patience with my case and all your kindness. It is often difficult to thank a person adequately, but I like you to know that I am deeply and sincerely grateful and appreciate everything you have done for me." The Council handles more than 500 such cases and inquiries a month, though not many of them extend, like the case of K.S., over seven years.

AT A PREVIEW OF "NEW AMERICANS," a short, persuasive film depicting the contributions refugees are making to the life and war effort of the United States, shown at New York's Town Hall in January, Mr. Edgar J. Nathan, Jr., President of the Borough of Manhattan, on behalf of the Common Council, presented an Award of Merit to Frederic Ullman, Jr., and RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., in appreciation of their production of the film and its outstanding work in promoting understanding of the foreign-born who have found haven in the United States. The film will be shown throughout the country and is warmly recommended by the Council. The National Refugee Service supplied

much of the material and cast in producing the picture.

RECENT AMERICAN COMMON activities of the Council have included a COMMON GROUND tea in honor of George and Helen Papashvily to help launch their *Anything Can Happen*. Both authors spoke briefly and autographed books by the dozen. A later evening presented Roi Ottley, speaking on "Implications of Race in War and Peace." Mr. Ottley, well-known to CG readers even before his best-selling *New World A-Coming*, had just returned from an extensive tour of the

battle fronts in France, Belgium, and Italy as a war correspondent for PM and Liberty magazine. Two concerts devoted to contemporary music—part of the Council's effort to encourage an American culture more truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people—featured compositions by Henry Cowell, Vittorio Giannini, Curt G. Roger, and Bernard Wagenaar. An exhibit of watercolors and oils, arranged by Dr. Else Hoffmann, has included the work of 25 native and foreign-born artists of different racial backgrounds.

• Miscellany •

WHAT DOES THE JIM CROW ARMY do to a man's soul? From one of the Army camps comes this letter: "I have seen the results here and I tell you that they are frightening, in most cases. On the one hand, you have those folk who succumb without a struggle, not even bothering to project a rationalization of their positions. Others, like myself, try to make themselves believe Army policy does not represent the national character, that the ideals we have raised in this war will eventually have their impact and that some good will finally trickle down. We feel that civilians are not doing nearly as much as they could to press issues home. We can't say anything while we're in the Army. I shouldn't say can't. One can become a martyr if he chooses. Too many of us, aspiring to middle-class economic standards have accepted middle-class standards of conduct, of what is correct and proper, and middle-class standards among Negroes are terribly rigid. We go on proving ourselves, rebuilding hope each time it is torn down, nurturing the

idea that the assaults we have withstood toughen us for the struggle which we know will come at the end of the war. It is small compensation, however, to feel that what we go through now, far from the battle lines, is good training for what we must face on the home front when the war is ended. More and more, the cycle reveals itself as parallel to the last war. There is no sense of future, and one wonders what can be the point of our existence.

"But the real cause for alarm is in the fact that many, many Negroes, unable to rationalize about the situation, become extremely bitter, aggressive, and go about with chips on their shoulders seeking an opportunity for a personal clash. Hatred is the major emotion they feel toward white folk. One dare not say to them, 'Not all whites are like these. There are good, bad, and indifferent in all groups and races.' Who speaks thus to these embittered men is an 'Uncle Tom' and any course he advocates short of aggression in one form or another is appease-

ment and anathema. What answers can one give when they pose the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms against the record of what has happened in this country not only prior to but during the war? They believe in the FEPC, but they see the fight that is being put up against its being made permanent. They envision a mass of unemployed Negroes shortly after the war, herded and preyed upon by American examples of the same forces we fight on an international scale. They feel that the Army with its rigid discipline could, if it would, enforce democracy, at least within the Army. Since this is not done, the result is cynicism with regard to their leadership. And how could it be otherwise?"

UNDER THE TITLE "PRIVATE HACHIYA, AMERICAN," the New York Times for February 17 said editorially: "The members of the Hood River, Ore., Legion post who removed the names of sixteen Americans of Japanese ancestry would do well to heed the case of Frank T. Hachiya, whose name was one of the sixteen.

"Japanese treachery at Pearl Harbor reacted upon Hachiya as upon other patriotic Americans. To be sure, his eyes slanted, his skin was yellow, his name different. But Hachiya was an American. He enlisted at once, and it must have been a dramatic moment when he told his Japanese father of his plan. The son went to the front; the father was removed to a War Relocation Authority camp.

"As a soldier, Private Hachiya saw action at Kwajalein, at Eniwetok, at Leyte. There he lay in a little valley under withering Japanese fire. Bullets cut up the ground. Men were killed and wounded beside him. The attack was stopped. Information on the enemy's strength was essential. The commanding officer asked for a volunteer to reconnoiter the position. Private Hachiya volunteered. He

crept forward through the grass, now crawling, now running quickly through the open from cover to cover. The men behind watched him descend the slope and work into the valley. Then they saw him drop. A Japanese sniper had got him.

"But Private Hachiya, mortally wounded though he was, could not lie there. The battalion wanted the information he had gathered. He must get back. So he crawled, bleeding and in agony, out of the valley and up the hill, through the grass and scrub and around the merciful protection of little hillocks. He was dying when he reached his lines. He made his report while they bound his wound. Then about a month after his name had been removed from the Hood River war memorial, Private Hachiya died.

"Perhaps Private Hachiya never knew that the Legion post had dishonored him back home. Perhaps some day what is left of him may be brought back to this country for reburial among the honored dead."

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE of Women Shoppers, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, as one way of bringing about equality of opportunity, has been circulating petitions for signature that read:

"Believing firmly in the democratic right of all people, regardless of race, creed or color, to participate actively in the pursuit of Life, Liberty and Happiness as defined in our Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights—the basic rights for which this war is being fought—

"We, the undersigned consumers and customers, urge that Department and other stores recognize the employability of Negroes and other minority groups, and their right to advancement to the highest positions, including executive and sales branches.

"WE PREFER TO SHOP at those stores

which practice this policy of EQUAL opportunity for work and advancement."

Department store employers who have already employed Negroes in various departments have been commended, and the results of the signed petitions presented as indicative of customer approval of this democratic practice.

JULIAN MESSNER, INC., 8 West 40th Street, New York 18, is offering a \$3,000 prize for "the best book promoting racial or religious tolerance in America." The book may be fiction, biography, poetry, essay, photographs, or an historic or scientific work. Anyone is eligible, citizen or non-citizen. The book should have wide appeal, and while artistic and literary excellence will be considered, the chief quality determining the selection of the prize winner will be "its impact on the reader in the fight against intolerance, and social and economic discrimination." Entries may be submitted up to January 1, 1946.

"THE RACES OF MANKIND" is an important graphic exhibit to project the significant findings of science about race and culture. Art objects, drawings, photographs, and text combine to make each of the 22 panels in the exhibit present an accepted scientific fact simply and effectively. Prepared by the Cranbrook Institute of Science and circulated by the Race Relations Division of the American Missionary Association, the exhibit deals with such subjects as Our World Shrinks, What Is Race?, Why Are There Different Races?, Nationalities Are Not Races, The Jews Are Not a Race, Art Forms Define Cultures but Transcend Racial Bounds, It's Not in the Blood, No Race is Mentally Superior, and so on.

The panels are large—6½ feet tall—and require a linear space of 225 feet for showing. The exhibit therefore needs

large quarters such as a library, museum, church, or school building, and community-wide sponsorship to insure its being seen by many people. A rental fee of \$60 for a two-week period is charged, plus transportation costs from the previous point of exhibition.

Sets of 15 posters based on the panels are for sale at \$5 a set. These are valuable for permanent use in schools, libraries, and social-work organizations.

Requests for the exhibit or posters should be addressed to Dr. Charles S. Johnson, Race Relations Division, American Missionary Association, Fisk University, Nashville 8, Tennessee.

GEORGIA HAS NOW SET THE PACE for the poll-tax states by its recent legislative repeal of the tax. Opinion in support of repeal has been building up in Georgia over a period of years, Lillian Smith observed in a brief article in the New York Herald Tribune for February 11, through the work of various women's groups, the old Committee for Interracial Co-operation, the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, the Southern Regional Council, and other organizations. At this session of the Legislature, Governor Ellis Arnall pushed vigorously for repeal and was successful. Now Senator Lister Hill is calling for repeal in his state of Alabama.

Earlier, in December, a group of 44 working newspaper editors and writers of the South, white and colored, came together in a most important meeting in Atlanta to discuss election laws in the southern poll-tax states. No resolutions were adopted, but discussion was frank and penetrating and practical. Mark Ethridge, publisher of the influential Louisville Courier-Journal, served as conference chairman. "Many think the Federal government may do something about this question if the states do nothing," said Mr. Ethridge. "I prefer to see the states do

it. These restrictions on voting are a complete negation of democratic processes." Harry E. Strozier, attorney and contributing editor of the Macon, Georgia, News, said he thought "before we start launching democracy all over the world, we should develop a little bit on our own doorstep right here in the South." Roscoe Dunjee, editor of the Oklahoma Black Dispatch, one of the most important of the southern Negro weeklies, pointed out that Oklahoma had already accomplished what the conference was discussing. "I am here today," said Mr. Dunjee, "to tell you that 45,000 Negroes vote in the Democratic primary in Oklahoma and that the Democratic organization considers that black vote the most loyal unit of the organization. . . . White and black people are getting along together in a friendly way in the polling places in Oklahoma. In fact there is not a county in Oklahoma where the Negro cannot vote unmolested and unafraid." In summarizing the conference, Chairman Ethridge said, "The real fear down South has been that if the Negro is turned foot-loose at the ballot box, he'd vote for Lincoln. What we have heard today is humiliating. It shows a complete denial of the democratic process. It shows we are going to have to get far beyond the dialectics of the politician if we are to free the South of this shame."

TWENTY-SIX STATES have no civil rights laws whatsoever. Many of the other twenty-two have laws which are inadequate and therefore largely inoperative. To supplement anti-discrimination legislation already on the books and to suggest the lines such legislation ought to take in states without a civil rights law, the American Civil Liberties Union, 170 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, has drafted a model law to prohibit discrimination on account of race, color, creed, ancestry or national

origin, and the denial of equal rights to any person: (1) in admission to or in accommodation in places of public amusement or resort; (2) in employment in certain industries and businesses; and (3) in labor unions. Copies of the draft of the model law may be had by writing the ACLU. Many of the interracial and unity committees organized in communities across the country the last year or two might find a specific job to do in their states in getting such legislation introduced and building a climate of opinion favorable to its passage.

IN THE BELIEF THAT PEOPLE, children as well as adults, regardless of race or faith, can live together harmoniously, Camp Willowemoc was opened last summer for boys and girls, 4 to 14, at Roscoe, New York, as an interesting experiment in democracy. Given the opportunity, it was felt that boys and girls, white or colored, Jewish or Gentile, could easily adjust themselves to living, eating, planning, and playing together. The camp staff was likewise a mixture of many faiths and races. Visiting days brought parents and aunts and uncles and friends of different races, too, who ate together, met each other's children, and left together with new hope for better understanding among people. For further information, write the director, Dr. Thomas W. Patrick, 221 West 139th Street, New York 30.

THE MINNESOTA FOLK ARTS FOUNDATION was incorporated in September to "endeavor to educate the present and future generations in pioneer folk arts and crafts," as well as "to co-ordinate and supplement the activities of organizations devoted to special fields of the folk arts." Such a project will serve to highlight the contributions of the various national and racial groups in the State.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

FREE SPEECH FOR NATURALIZED CITIZENS

UNTIL 1865 there was no provision in American law for loss of citizenship. In that year Congress enacted a law which provided for "forfeiture of citizenship" by both native and naturalized citizens who desert the armed forces of the United States. In 1906 Congress adopted the first act dealing specifically with denaturalization, or deprivation of citizenship of naturalized citizens. Only Costa Rica and Switzerland had at that time laws relating to this subject. Great Britain, in 1914, was the first major country to follow the American example, and after that denaturalization laws were widely adopted on the Continent.

The 1906 act, which was substantially re-enacted in the 1940 Nationality Code, permits cancellation of certificates of citizenship "on the ground of fraud or on the ground that such certificate of citizenship was illegally procured." The theory of the act is that the grant of citizenship was void from the very beginning: only facts which existed before or at the time the certificate was granted can lead to its annulment.

It has been said that the denaturalization act was not originally designed as a political weapon against persons whose opinions were considered incompatible with the fundamental principles of our political and economic institutions; but the act has been used to supplement deportation in times of stress, as in the first World War, the period of the Russian Revolution, and the present World War.

A number of theories have been used by the government and the courts in denaturalization proceedings, which have

tended to restrict the personal freedoms of naturalized citizens. One such theory was the "relation back" theory: if a naturalized citizen committed objectionable acts many years after he had acquired citizenship, the courts related back the quality of these acts to a time preceding naturalization, on the argument that if he could show hostility to the government so many years after naturalization, he must have been equally hostile before or at the time of his naturalization. A second theory was "guilt by association": it was sufficient to prove mere membership in a proscribed organization; it was not necessary to prove that the defendant knew the purposes of the organization and approved its platform. A third theory was that proof of a mere state of mind was sufficient to serve as a basis for denaturalization: the government could show "lack of attachment to the principles of the Constitution" without proving any acts on the part of the defendant; mere expression of an opinion by him, or membership in, or affiliation with, a proscribed group, was considered sufficient.

The recent *Schneiderman* and *Baumgartner* cases in the United States Supreme Court have made these theories no longer tenable. Their significance for naturalized citizens can hardly be exaggerated.

Schneiderman became a citizen in 1927. Twelve years later the government started denaturalization proceedings. He was charged with being a Communist, and it was alleged that Communism advises, advocates, and teaches the overthrow of the government and Constitution by force

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and violence. The lower Federal courts ordered cancellation of the certificate of naturalization; the Supreme Court, by a five to three vote, reversed the decision.

Schneiderman came here at the age of three; at sixteen he joined a junior Communist organization; at eighteen he filed his declaration of intention to become a citizen; at nineteen he joined the Communist Party; at twenty-two he became a citizen. He stated that he subscribed to the principles of Leninism, but denied that he or the CP advocated the overthrow of the government by force and violence, or that he was not attached to the principles of the Constitution. The government, on the other hand, showed that when Schneiderman became a citizen, the CP platform included abolition of private property without compensation, the erection of a proletarian state to replace the bourgeois state, denial of political rights to persons not members of the Party or of the proletariat, and the creation of a world union of soviet republics. These principles, argued the government, established a program to overthrow the government by force and violence.

In the opinion for the majority, Mr. Justice Murphy said the judgment of the court must be guided "by a desire to secure the blessings of liberty in thought and action to all those upon whom the right of American citizenship has been conferred by statute, as well as to the native born." He referred to the fact that we are a heterogeneous people, made up of persons many of whom came to this country to escape from the political and religious intolerance of other countries: "Here they hoped to achieve a political status as citizens in a free world in which men are privileged to think and act and speak according to their convictions, without fear of punishment or further exile so long as they keep the peace and obey the law." The consequences of denaturaliza-

tion, he said, are more serious than a taking of one's property, or the imposition of a fine or other penalty: the value and importance of American citizenship can hardly be exaggerated. The government must, therefore, carry the burden of proof by "clear, unequivocal and convincing" evidence if it would convince the court that so precious a right is to be revoked. It was held that the evidence did not measure up to this standard.

Mr. Justice Murphy said that the criterion is not a mental state of attachment to the principles of the Constitution, but rather behavior or conduct. The test is an objective one. Nor is mere membership in an organization, whatever its character, sufficient, for "beliefs are personal and not a matter of mere association."

A person, said Murphy, may urge radical changes in the Constitution and yet be attached to its principles; he may believe in taking private property for public use without compensation; he may advocate dictatorship of the proletariat and still be attached to the Constitution. As to advocacy of the overthrow of the government, Murphy said that the government had failed to establish, by clear, unequivocal and convincing evidence, that this was a part of the CP platform: political writings are often over-exaggerated polemics; official party programs are often opportunistic devices, as much honored in the breach as in the observance. Furthermore, advocacy of the use of force must be shown to have created a "clear and present danger"; mere "doctrinal justification or prediction of the use of force under hypothetical conditions at some indefinite future time" is not sufficient.

Chief Justice Stone, with Justices Roberts and Frankfurter agreeing with him, dissented, saying that the findings of the lower courts were abundantly supported by the evidence. He said it had been shown that the CP, at the time Schneider-

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man became a citizen, was a revolutionary party which had as its aim the overthrow of all capitalistic governments and substitution of dictatorship by the proletariat. He, too, rejected guilt by association, but pointed out that Schneiderman's membership in the CP was "neither passive nor indolent."

Further light on the decision in this case is to be found in the later case involving an attempt to denaturalize Baumgartner, an alleged Nazi. Here, too, the lower courts ordered denaturalization; but this time the Supreme Court unanimously reversed the decision, and the opinion for the court was written by Mr. Justice Frankfurter, who had dissented in the previous case.

Baumgartner became a citizen in 1932; ten years later the government brought the action to cancel his certificate. He was born in Germany in 1895, went to school there, was in the German army in World War I, was graduated from a German university, married in Germany, and came here with his wife in 1927. Beginning in 1933 he made statements which showed his admiration for Hitler and the Nazi government; he made remarks which indicated his thought that the United States would be better off under a man like Hitler than under President Roosevelt; he made public speeches extolling the Hitler regime; he preached Nazism to Sunday School pupils; in 1939 he sent his wife and children to Germany on a visit; he attended meetings at which the Nazi salute was given and the German national anthem was sung; he was violently anti-Semitic.

Mr. Justice Frankfurter said that this evidence failed to establish the government's case. Under the Constitution, he said, a naturalized citizen stands on an equal footing with native-born citizens in all respects, save that of eligibility to the

Presidency; and one of the prerogatives of citizenship is the right to criticize public men and measures, and "that means not only informed and responsible criticism but the freedom to speak foolishly and without moderation. . . . the expression of views which may collide with cherished American ideals does not necessarily prove want of devotion to the Nation. . . . even blatant intolerance toward some of the presuppositions of the democratic faith may not imply rooted disbelief in our system of government."

Mr. Justice Frankfurter made the significant statement that forswearing past political allegiance without reservation and full assumption of the obligations of American citizenship "are not at all inconsistent with cultural feelings imbedded in childhood and youth"; and he quoted in a footnote a statement by Gaetano Salvemini that the American pledge of allegiance is only juridical and political; the person taking the oath is asked to sever his connections with the government of his former country, not with its people and civilization.

This passage represents, I believe, the first instance of the recognition of cultural pluralism in an opinion by the Supreme Court.

The court in this case expressly rejected the "relation back" theory: views expressed after naturalization will not prove that naturalization had been procured fraudulently or illegally.

The two decisions taken together place on a basis of equality naturalized and native-born citizens with respect to the enjoyment of free speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of assembly. One of the notable contributions of Wendell Willkie to American life and ideals was his argument before the Supreme Court on behalf of Schneiderman—on behalf of all naturalized citizens, on behalf of all free men.

• The Press •

A SECOND LOOK

(A regular column by J. Saunders Redding in the *Baltimore Afro-American*, December 23, 1944.)

HE GOT off the bus in front of the little store and blinked his eyes in the slant of the sun. The white men loafing on the store porch looked at him in light-eyed silence.

For a moment he stood there and his eyes wandered up and down the short length of paved street. Then, shifting his little canvas bag, he set out up the road.

It was all there, just as he remembered it: the fifty yards of paved street with the feed and farm machinery store, the old Ford dealer's (closed even before he went away, its gas pump blistered and frozen in rust), the fly-specked window of the Post Office, and the galvanized tin front of the lumber commissary facing it.

Then, beyond, across the railroad track grown up in weeds ever since he could remember, the ankle-deep dust on the road to home.

He stopped and looked back when he had crossed the track. He had not missed anything, but somehow he had always thought of the "town" being bigger than it was. He had always thought of it as having more stores and more people going in and out of them.

He had always pictured "town" in a kind of stir and bustle, and he had spoken of it proudly and a little truculently to his mates aboard ship. "Stowmaker! Man, Stowmaker's a right fine place."

But now he saw that this was all there was to it as a town and he felt neither sorry nor beguiled, for besides being a town, it was also something else.

His heart turned over and lay still and then he felt very cool and trembly and clean inside—as if he had been very thirsty for a long time and was drinking clear, cold water, well-water out of a stone jug.

He shifted his bag again. The road dropped here. Through the haze of dust down the hill he saw the church on High Hill. That box steeple which his father had helped build and whose bell was a voice in his memory—that old box steeple, innocent of paint, hadn't toppled over yet. It sat aslant on the roof of the white-washed church like a hat on the head of an aging sport. There was a cow in the church yard, an old red cow browsing around the wooden grave markers.

He dropped down into the hollow, found the branch and followed it. A loose hog wallowed across the branch and crashed through the dry underbrush.

Then he heard a voice hyowwwing, and a whole pack of pigs broke through the thicket, scrambled across the branch, and lit out toward the voice. Uncle Pete Bowers' voice was as strong as ever.

Where the branch curved he stopped again. From here he could see the corn crib, the outhouse, a corner of the stable. And above these the lightning rod on the house.

He paused only a moment, taking his duck cap off and blowing at the dust in it, flicking at the foreign-service ribbon on his breast, and praying to God not to let him cry. Then he bounded up the hill, calling "Woo, woo, woo!"

They heard him all right, for when he reached the other side of the gully, he saw her break from the shed kitchen, heard

her utter a cry, and then saw her totter toward him as if she had suddenly gone blind. He saw the old man hot-footing it around the side of the house.

And in the next moment, his head was

down in the old lady's neck and the old man was pounding him on the back and the old lady was crying and he was crying and saying over and over, "Ma! Ma!"

This was Stowmaker. This was home.

THE WATCHTOWER

(A regular column by Roy Wilkins in the *Michigan Chronicle* and *Los Angeles Sentinel*, December 30, 1944.)

IN A DAY or two the old year will come to an end and 1945 will begin. Even in the midst of war a New Year brings hope for newer, brighter, better things to come. Babies are still being born, young people are dreaming dreams, men and women are going onward and upward to new heights. The failures of 1944, the disappointments of 1943 and 1942 are behind. The bright promise of 1945, dimmed only partly by the tragedy of war, is ahead.

Something of this must have been in the mind of the young lad who sat easily and confidently in the chair before me. He wasn't swaggering. He was—just confident, with the confidence of youth, with a fresh world out there before him.

"Yes, I'm going to be an aircraft engineer, with emphasis on the electrical side. I like electricity and I think I am beginning to know something about it. I figure aviation is the coming thing and I want to be in on it. The white boys can do it and so can I."

He knew all about whiteness and blackness. He knew America and its crazy colorphobia, but he wasn't letting it stop him. He was young and smart. He had helped set up an electrical exhibit at the New York World Fair. The Westinghouse people had said he was good. He was in the top tenth of his class at a

"tough" technical school. He was, at that time, eager to get into the air corps.

He is flying for his country now, giving his natural talents and his learned skills for victory, but all the time learning more and more in his chosen field.

Why shouldn't he be an electrical engineer in aviation? Why not, indeed? Who was I to tell him he might not make the grade? Who was I to say that America can be heartbreakingly mean to a colored lad with hope in his breast, courage in his heart, and skill in his brain and in his fingertips? I was the Old Year and he was the New Year, nodding his head at the past, cheerfully acknowledging the dangers, hesitating impatiently over the failures and pains of others gone before, but champing to get on with his life—with the New Year.

All youth is like that, the world over. Our colored boys and girls are like that, the ones that count. I sometimes feel, a little smugly, no doubt, that they are a bit better than the others—made of a bit better stuff. They have to be because they start from behind taw and have so many extra barriers in their paths.

They start from behind taw as all the young people in the world are starting, this New Year. The world is shattered and bathed in blood. Its people are groping toward peace and security, with indications on every hand that they may be cheated again and have the same terrible road to travel once more. But youth faces

the New Year and the sober challenge of it with the same hopes, the same dreams, the same vigor and courage.

As dark as is the tragedy of colored peoples, as bad as has been their lot, the tragedy of the world is darker. The first task is to make a better world and from that task our brown young people are not shrinking. They are bitter, some of them, but they can't stay bitter long. They want to be aviation engineers. They want to fly the world's skyways. They want to build skyscrapers and dams, to sail the

seven seas, to paint pictures, write books, sing songs, heal the sick, turn the good earth, contribute their wisdom and compassion to the governing of mankind.

Who shall say to them that 1944 has been thus and so, that 1945 will be no better, that because they are not white they must go into a special corner and eat their hearts out, or blow their brains out? Not I. Nineteen hundred forty-five will need them, every mother's son and daughter of them. Because of them, no matter what else obtains, this time every year is "Happy New Year!"

SIMPLE AND THE SECOND COMING

(From a regular column, "Here to Yonder," by Langston Hughes in the *Chicago Defender*, December 30, 1944.)

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!" said my Simple Minded Friend. "Happy New Year to you this New Year's Eve!"

"Happy New Year yourself!" I said. "Have you recovered?"

"Recovered from what?" asked Simple.

"From Christmas Eve," I said.

"Oh, sure," said Simple. "I am now ready for 1945."

"What did you do Christmas?" I asked.

"I did not wake up till late," said Simple. "When I did, I heard a sermon on the radio—by accident. I had hoped to get the Duke on Christmas morning, but I tuned into the wrong station. I got some white man preaching a Christmas sermon, and he was talking about peace on earth and good will to men and all such things. He said on Christmas Day Christ was born to bring this here peace he was talking about."

"He did not say we had peace, did he?"

"Oh, no," said Simple. "He said mankind has sinned! But that we have got to get ready for the second coming of Christ—because Christ will be back! That is what started me to wondering."

"Wondering what?" I asked.

"Wondering what all these white folks would do if Christ does come back. I always thought Christ believed in folks behaving themselves and treating people right."

"He did," I said.

"Well, if He did," said Simple, "what will all these white folks do who believe in Jim Crow? Jesus said, 'Love one another,' didn't He? But they don't love me, do they?"

"Some do not," I said.

"And Jesus said, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' But they don't do that way unto me, do they?"

"I reckon they don't," I said.

"You know they don't," said Simple. "They Jim Crow me and lynch me and court-martial me any time they want to. Suppose I was to do unto them as they

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does unto me? Suppose I was to lynch and Jim Crow white folks, where would I be? Huh?"

"In jail," I said.

"You can bet your hip boots I would!" said Simple. "But these are Christian white folks that does such things to me. At least, they call themselves Christians in my home."

"Call is right," I said. "I swear I do not believe the South is a Christian country."

"They got more churches down South than they got up North," said Simple. "And they read more Bible and sing more hymns. I hope when Christ comes back, He comes down South—because I know He will side with me, black and poor and segregated as I am."

"Christ would," I said.

"I'll bet you if Christ do come back," said Simple, "all over America there would be such another running and shutting and slamming of white folks' doors in His face as you never saw! I'll bet they couldn't get inside their Jim Crow churches fast enough to lock the doors and keep Christ out! Christ said, 'Such as ye do unto the least of these, ye do it unto me!' And Christ knows what these white folks have been doing to me all these years from Mobile to Chicago, from Jim Crow cars to restricted covenants, from slavery to slop!"

"Of course, He knows," I said.

"This is our Lord's year?" asked Simple. "1945?"

"Yes, this is our Lord's year," I said.

"Then I hope He comes back this very year," said Simple. "We need help. But I am scared that if He does come back, too many white folks will slam the doors in His face. All these factories and churches and hamburger stands and schools that bar me, they would bar Him, too—if they thought He sided with me. They would call Him an agitator, and a Negro-lover, also a red."

"They called Him an agitator before," I said. "They cursed and reviled Him. They sent soldiers to lock Him up. And they killed Him on a cross."

"At Calvary," said Simple. "I know the Bible, too. Aunt Mollie read it to me. She read to me how He drove the money changers out of the temple. And how He changed the loaves into many and He fed the poor. And that made the rulers in the high places mad. Well, I hope this time when Christ comes back, He comes back mad Himself. And I hope He drives the Jim Crows out of their high places, every last one of them from New York to Texas! I hope He smites them white folks down!"

"You don't mean all white folks?" I said.

"No," said Simple. "I hope He lets Mrs. Roosevelt alone. But every last one of them what ever signed a restrictive covenant to keep me from moving into a decent house, and all these landlords what overcharge me for rent—they have got to go," said Simple. "God knows they have got to go! And they ought to go even before Christ comes back!"

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

WORLD PROBLEMS HAVE BECOME OUR PROBLEM

AN INTELLIGENT AMERICAN'S GUIDE TO THE PEACE. Edited by Sumner Welles. New York: Dryden Press. 369 pp. \$3.75.

Nothing could be more timely than this compilation of basic facts, geographic, historic and economic, about eighty lands involved in the construction of a secure peace and a world-healing harmony after the most disastrous of all wars. That it is every man's duty to inform himself on the issues at stake, and to exert his share of the influence an enlightened public opinion may have upon the decisions made by our Government, Editor Welles makes clear in his Introduction. Alphabetically arranged, admirably presented in clear and readable paragraphs, these eighty lands deploy before our view: 26 countries of Europe; 5 of the British Commonwealth of Nations; 25 of the Eastern Hemisphere; and the balance of Far Eastern, Near Eastern, and African lands. Those shocked by recent developments in Greece, disturbed by events in Italy or Belgium, and concerned about the fate of Poland, will turn first to the sections dealing with those lands. Besides a brief account of the land and people and their national economy, we find in each case a concise statement of their history from 1914 to September, 1944. This last helps greatly to explain the distressing factional conflicts that have now come to the fore. Finally we read a short statement of their stake in the peace. The treatment throughout is dispassionate and luminous. Under the heading "States in the Peace," affirma-

tions are positive, but not in the guise of opinions; rather they impress one as imperatives arising from facts that are beyond controversy.

We can think of no better solvent for group antagonisms such as exist here than the reading of this *Guide to the Peace*. To understand the plight of nations torn by internal strife at the moment when restoration is in sight is to learn abhorrence for blind hates and prejudices. In their common need for economic rehabilitation and right relations with each other, these eighty lands comprise "one world."

Professors H. C. Hockett (Ohio State) and A. M. Schlesinger (Harvard) in their *Land of the Free* (Macmillan. \$5.50) recognize the need to re-value American history in the light of international relations and economic or political movements in other lands. Ours, they say, has been a branch of world history. Forty-five excellently constructed chapters furnish proof of this as well as fresh illumination on points that older methods of approach left unclear. The rise of capitalism, the advent of big business, labor and immigration, the strife for collective security—all these and other national issues tie in with economic and social world problems, of which war has been the archaic solution. We are fortunate in having a competent treatment from this new angle. It was imperatively needed.

From *A Basic History of the United States* by Charles and Mary Beard (New Home Library. 69 cents), we get an impression that Americans as a people have never cared much about foreign relations,

or thoughtfully considered them. Since this low-priced text is intended for use in the family, it naturally deals with the ideas of plain folk rather than with politicians; and with the waves of feeling that have swept over the land rather than with the deliberations of statesmen. We seem to have regarded everything—even the tariff, immigration laws, and the League of Nations—as our own concern regardless of effects on other peoples, ignorant of repercussions not at all to our advantage. This appears, but the Beards do not draw attention to it, or reproach, or moralize. They are historians.

Russell Davenport may, and does, challenge this historic attitude of self-centered indifference in *My Country* (Simon and Schuster. \$1.50). His impassioned poem tears the mask from the face we averted from the world for two decades, while in Europe and Japan men laid the train for worldwide explosive upheaval and slaughter in which we must of necessity participate. This is a poem of great scope.

An intimate side of our stake in the peace is the welfare of returning soldiers. Willard Waller, in *Veteran Comes Back* (Dryden. \$2.75), takes up every aspect of this comprehensive problem. A veteran of World War I, a keen observer and student of the effects of war upon men concerned in it and their families, he has written with deep insight of psychic and social needs—of states too subtle to be easily recognized as abnormal. Parents, friends,

families, sweethearts—the book is for them to read: none should miss it.

Scripts for ten radio broadcasts by Archibald MacLeish (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2) appear in book form as *The American Story*. These recitals of episodes in America's past bring to life the excitement and wonder of discovery—high moments in that greatest of geographical adventures, the finding of a New World beyond unvoyaged seas: high moments for some but tragic moments for many—when newcomers from the Old World forgot their wonder and their praise of the Creator, and loosed their acquisitive passions on the natives of these lands, natives who had rudely imagined the tidelands, wooded hills, vast plains, and mountains were theirs by natural right. The text is enriched by quotations from rare old chronicles, including many translated from the Portuguese, Spanish, and French.

Lovers of books will find much to cheer and fortify them in Elizabeth Jackson's *The Faith and Fire Within Us* (University of Minnesota Press. \$2). She attempts to discover and describe the beliefs that underlie American society, and she does this through exploring the literature that has been read and re-read (because it was worth reading) since we were Britain's colony. Rich in quotations and lively comment, we have here grand reading and linkage with a mind-flame that disparaging critics of American civilization have not caught sight of.

THE LAND, THE PEOPLE—OUR COUNTRY

Unknown and unimagined by our early colonists, vast bodies of deep water lay beyond their horizon to the northwest, unvisited by white men. It was the work

of a demiurge to hollow these basins and shape the world's greatest freshwater formation. The ice-sheet did it. Harlan Hatcher tells the story in *The Great*

Lakes (Oxford University Press. \$3.50) in a superb all-over view of the whole scene from an ice age to present time. Consistently he presents the Lakes as a whole, interlocking and integrated in one vast system for commerce and transportation. There is an epic quality to his narrative, and a world background—two European nations fighting for the control of these waterways (and a third, yet unborn). Nicollet in 1634 had sailed these Lakes and landed on a western shore dressed in princely robes expecting to meet there the Emperor of Cathay. Today, giant craft specially built for the traffic bear ore, lumber, grain, and other produce for factories and food of the world to three continents; and from the Lake shipyards, corvettes, submarines, and cargo vessels may even go to China. Great movements of population surged through these waterways, Europe emptying its surplus upon the rich lands to the west and north, men of all nationalities, but most from the northern lands, finding congenial occupation there. A stirring story and a saga of American expansion.

Deep Delta Country, by Harnett T. Kane (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3), is the tenth and one of the finest of the American Folkways series. Never before has the strangeness, the haunting mystery, of these thin fingers of land hung between sky and water, and people living out their lives there, been so completely rendered. To them people came and stayed—Gascons, Normans, Acadians; then Italians, Germans, sturdy Spanish peasants from the Canary Islands; next, Slavs from Dalmatia, big, bulky men to man the oyster industry; Irish, Serbs, Montenegrins, Albanians, Greeks—here to breathe the air of freedom. Their story is here, tangled with history and world change, for world currents met at the mouth of the great river.

Lennis Leonard Broadfoot is the author

and artist of *Pioneers of the Ozarks* (Caxton Printers. \$5). Part Cherokee Indian, one of the hill folk by birth and breeding, he easily persuaded them to pose for their portraits and give some account of their lives. The result is a notable collection of character studies that record personal features, occupations, skills, folkways, and the independent spirit common to all. A born artist, Broadfoot began sketching faces as a child. His art matured in the far West but he returned to picture the persons and scenes he knew as a boy. His work excels in revealing traits of character—time's deep furrows, marks of long hard labor, but also of pride and contentment in toil. The book is a unique contribution to regional writing and art.

If topographical accident isolated the Ozark folk from the world's currents and made each a museum piece from a vanished century, incidents of another sort flung another group of marked character from settlements in North Ireland to the United States, here to disperse and enter vigorously into the life of a growing nation. Wayland Dunaway gives an account of it in *The Scotch Irish of Colonial Pennsylvania* (Chapel Hill. \$3). Hardy, adventurous, forward-looking, this breed fought in our wars, subdued our early frontiers, established industries, schools, colleges; gave us scholars, lawyers, governors of states; spread the width of the land, yet retained always some mark of their distinctive character. Their story is woven deep into our social history.

From her experiences as a hostess at soldiers' canteens, Margaret Halsey writes *Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers* (Simon and Schuster. \$2.50). She hits hard at bigotry wherever it lifts its head, at anti-Semitism and anti-Negroism, but she writes also with gay humor and charm. An important and delightful book.

Ruth Danenhower Wilson, author of *Jim Crow Joins Up* (Wm. J. Clark.

\$2.50), owns that the subject of Negroes in our armed forces is dynamite; handles it with tact, without emotional bias, and only after thorough investigation. From Army officers, doctors, psychologists, non-coms, she learns that the morale of the Negro in this "shooting war" is good, particularly as tested in long periods of waiting, preparing for or between battles (an important point), and that he defers other issues till after the war. Factors tending to break down his loyalty and faith are discussed here dispassionately. Authentic evidence shows waste of manpower due to discrimination in training men for the air force, or for other skilled branches, and in converting into labor units groups of men already trained. A revealing and important book—specific, documented.

The Negro in American Life by John Becker (Julian Messner. \$1) is a large

paper-bound volume of photographs with brief explanatory text, useful as graphic illustration of the range and importance of the contributions of Negroes to our national life. Sponsored by the Council Against Intolerance, with a foreword by Lillian Smith.

In *Were You There When They Crucified My Lord* (Harvard University Press. \$3), Allan Rohan Crite interprets the familiar spiritual in moving pen-and-ink pictorial sequences. Here in one art form is the deeply religious quality of another translated by a Negro artist whose background is identified with both.

My Happy Days by Jane Dabney Shackelford (Associated Publishers. \$2.15) gives the day-to-day story in photographs and simple text of the children in a middle-class Negro home. Fills a long-time need for this kind of juvenile.

NEW FICTION

Michael De Capite's second novel, *No Bright Banner* (John Day. \$2.50), places him solidly in the front rank of fiction writers. His first, *Maria*, was the story of frustration within the family: Italian folkways painfully adjusted to American pressures. Now we have a youth, thoroughly American, facing the contradictions that mar our social set-up and maim individuals of all origins and backgrounds. This is the story of a fight for integrity in a society that is not integrated. Paul Barone is the son of an immigrant from the Abruzzi, a steel worker, from whom Paul's quest for personal dignity derives.

They Dream of Home, a penetrating novel by Niven Busch (Appleton-Century. \$2.75), recalls a passage in Waller's

Veteran Comes Back (reviewed above) on a tendency among returned soldiers to cling to the comradeship of the battlefronts and to value the solidarity of purpose there enjoyed above anything they find awaiting them in civilian life. Busch makes this the main theme of his story. Five discharged Marines—a Negro, an Indian, and a Jew among them—meeting on the West Coast, do their best to maintain the old bond. Family and friends fail them. Disillusion creeps in. A moving story of veterans groping for something fine and dependable which they knew in the combat areas and cannot find again.

Read William Saroyan's latest—*Dear Baby* (Harcourt, Brace. \$2)—but not for the "story." These are not, in any ac-

cepted sense, short stories. They are notes on that eternal quest for the meaning of things—common, everyday ones—a quest which some give up early, but Saroyan, never. He pursues this evasive thing on city streets, the dusty highway, the beer parlor, the packing shed, the neighbor's porch—anywhere. And because his touch is light and his humor wistful he comes as near to telling us what it is as any one can. These slight reportings are for those who still pursue life's elusive meaning; others may find them pointless.

In the wooded hill country of northern New York in the 1780s, *Young 'Un*, the heroine of Herbert Best's fine novel (Macmillan. \$2.50), grew up orphaned in childhood by a mother's death and the

desertion of her trapper-father. With a sister and a brother, and with a hand now and then from a kindly neighbor, "Young 'Un" (focus of interest) carries her full share of man-size labor and wins through to womanly maturity and a satisfying romance. A saga of resourcefulness, self-dependence, and honest dealing, this tale of hardy folkways, rich in characters and veined with humor, proves more absorbing than any like fiction about adults. No more wholesome reading can be found. The author, an Englishman, who chose this spot for his home, faced its problems and learned its homely skills, knows his people as few have known them. For all ages. Make room for *Young 'Un* beside *The Yearling*, best-seller of 1938.

LIBERALISM AND LABOR

Labor in America, by Harold Faulkner and Mark Starr and edited by Dr. McCutchen of New York University (Harper. \$1.60), was written in answer to many appeals. Since mid-1944 an ever-increasing number of plain citizens have wanted to know about this great and growing power which can swing elections as well as win wage increases for a body of workers. The authors exactly describe their aim in writing the book: "Every individual in his various roles as consumer, citizen, worker or employer needs to know the modern relationship between employer and employee, between capital and labor. He should know how these relationships have reached their present form through years of painful experience." Such is the content of this up-to-date, readable book, which is designed also as "a tool for teaching" where occasions arise.

Bread Upon the Waters by Rose Pesotta (Dodd, Mead. \$3) takes us into the field where a liberal union does its educational and organizing work. America has no more enlightened or progressive organization than the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, with its 300,000 members. Miss Pesotta, born in the Ukraine, has become not only a typical American worker but an outstanding one for courage, resourcefulness, and clear-headed championship of fair play. It is a pleasure to read the day-to-day account of her activities in cities where callous indifference, rank injustice, and frequent law-evasion characterized the attitude of employers toward women who work in the garment trades. Here too is a firsthand report of such events as the first great sit-down strike, and the forming of the Committee for Industrial Organization, by a fully qualified observer.

COMMON GROUND

Now comes *The First Round*—story of the cio Political Action Committee—by Joseph Gaer (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.50), which the publishers call “the most significant event in political history in our times.” Mr. Gaer, Bessarabian born, versatile writer, editor, consulting expert in more than one department of the Federal Government, tells this story with zest, direct speech, inside knowledge of his subject, and a humor that exposes the absurd side of a malicious campaign against the PAC. The true aims of the PAC need to be clearly understood. They are broadly stated here: “Labor must aim not only for the welfare of organized workers

but to protect the nation against the forces of evil and reaction.” And again: “Labor must think not only of itself, but also of the unorganized worker, the farmer, the small business man, the professional, the housewife, because what is good for all the people is good for labor.” How such ends are to be attained and what the PAC has done, is planning to do, or to lead others to do, these pages make clear. Two striking final chapters will arrest attention. They are “A Woman’s Guide to Political Action” and “The Negro in 1944.” These are two of a number of cio-PAC pamphlets printed last year and reproduced here in full.

IMMIGRANT CONTRIBUTIONS

In their joint authorship of *Anything Can Happen* (Harper. \$2) George and Helen Papashvily have created something so novel and refreshing that there’s no word for it. Here is joyous language of a vintage we’ve never before seen in print. It drops on the page straight from the mouths of these Georgian immigrants who haven’t been here long enough to chill their tongues with grammar or spoil by any sort of effort the flavor of their native wit. Along with the laughter that runs through these pages there is something tonic and wholesome that makes us want to share the rich find with a friend. COMMON GROUND’s discovery and a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Music Master of the Middle West is the story of one man’s life—F. Melius Christiansen—and of the St. Olaf College Choir, by Leola Nelson Bergmann (University of Minnesota Press. \$2.50). Norwegian love of music and the fine tradition of the Chorale in Norwegian American churches might have remained the

solace of local groups and congregations, unrecognized and undeveloped. But Christiansen took this choral form, perfected alike the music and the rendering, won recognition for it the country over and an international reputation. Now St. Olaf’s choir, his creation in the college Norwegian Americans founded in Minnesota, is the boast of America, not a mere transplant of old-world culture. Admirably written, the story abounds in interest.

Prodigal Genius by John J. O’Neill (Ives Washburn. \$3.75) is the life of Nikola Tesla, Yugoslav immigrant, whose spectacular and original work in electrical experiments startled the world, whose polyphase system of alternating currents harnessed Niagara, and of whom Lord Kelvin could say, “Tesla has contributed more to electrical science than any man up to his time.” This man died in obscurity, his life a riddle and his fame insecure. O’Neill, who knew him intimately, gives the reasons in this brilliant study of the person and his work.

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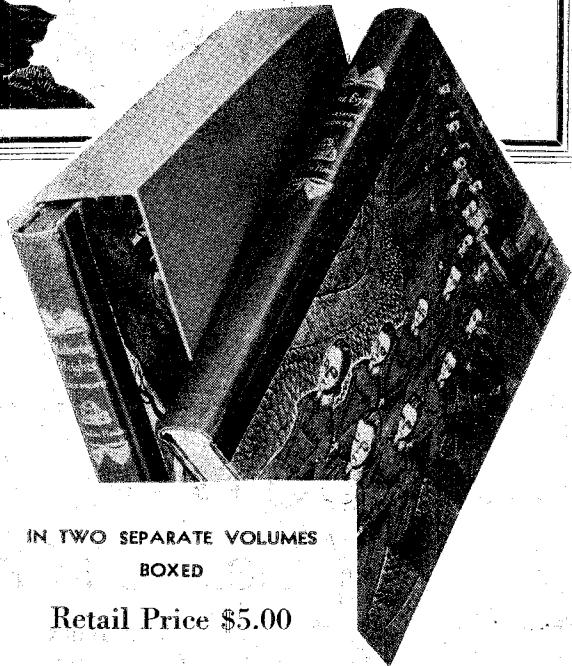
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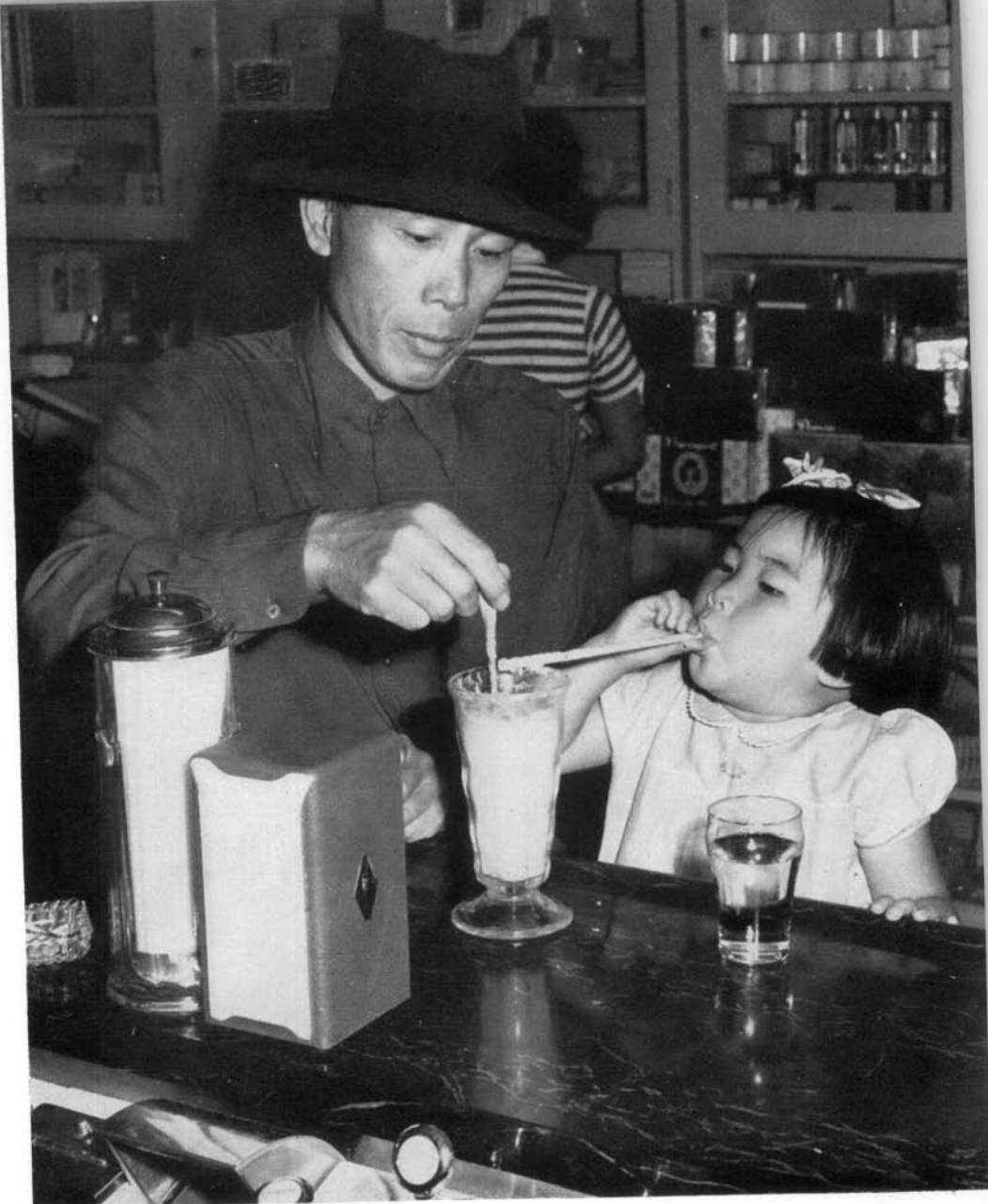


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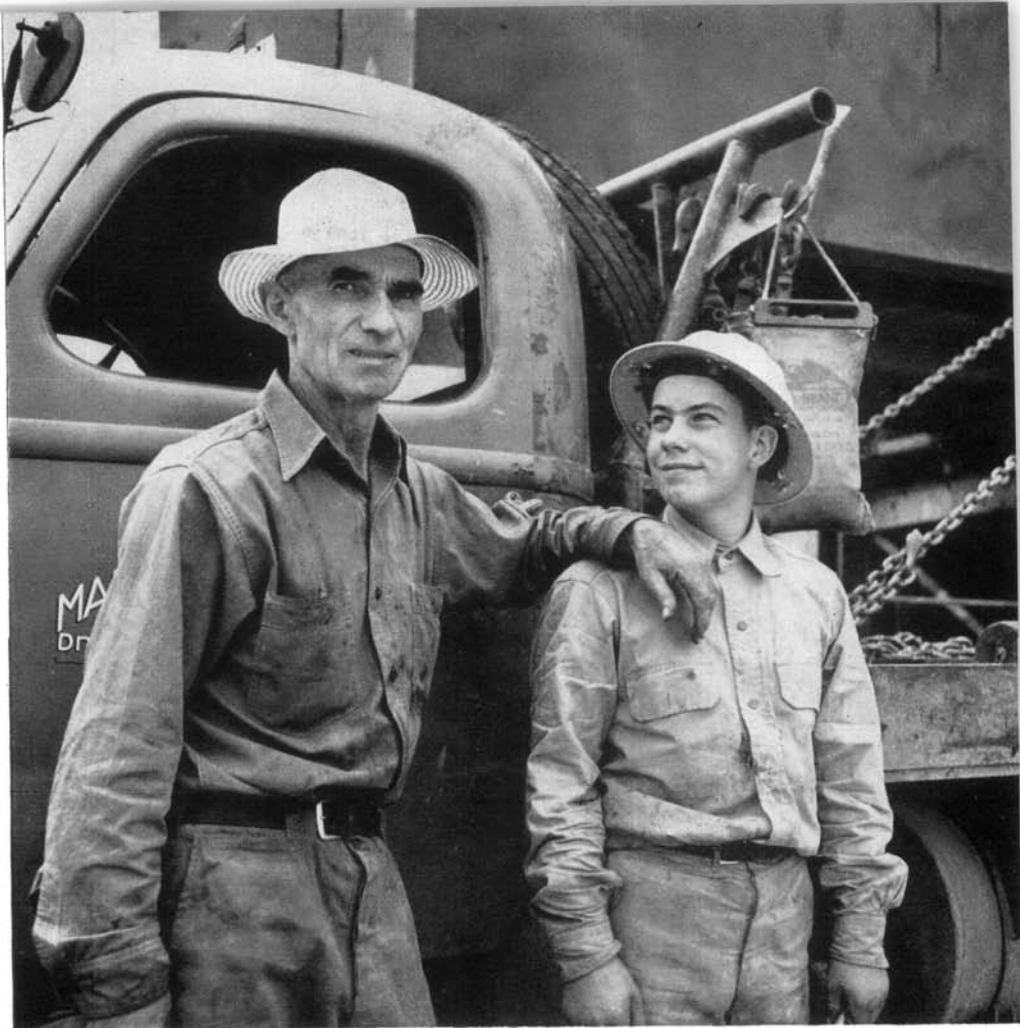
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